NOVEMBER 9, 1963. VOL. CCLV. NO. 3310.

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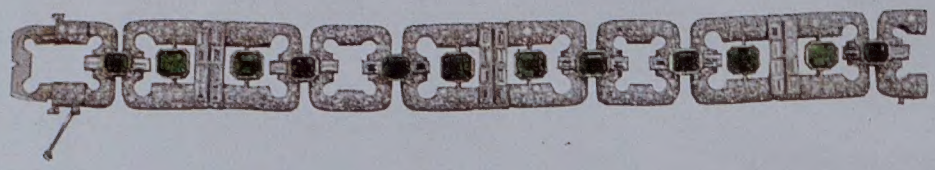
Emerald and Diamond Brooch



Emerald and Diamond Bracelet

Emerald and Diamond Ring

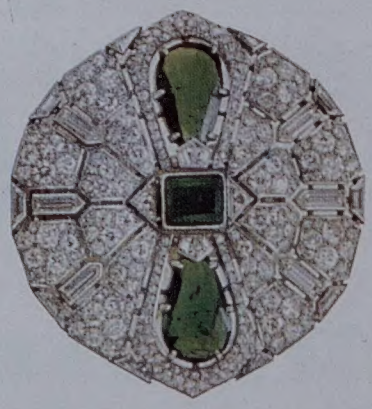
Diamond Ring

Diamond Pendant

Ruby and Diamond Ring

Sapphire and Diamond Ring

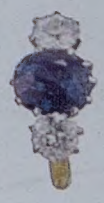
Emerald and Diamond Brooch



Emerald and Diamond Brooch

Emerald and Diamond Clip

Pearl and Diamond Earrings



Sapphire and Diamond Ring

Ruby and Diamond Ring

Ruby and Diamond Clip

Diamond Ring

Pear shaped Diamond Drop

Diamond Cluster Drops

Diamond Flower Brooch

Emerald and Diamond Ring

Sapphire and Diamond Ring

Sapphire and Diamond Ring

Emerald and Diamond Ring

Sapphire and Diamond Ring

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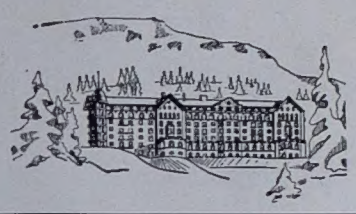

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Seehof	110	34.— to 55.—
Valsana	160	34.— to 55.—
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Eden	80	32.— to 48.—
Excelsior	100	32.— to 48.—
Hohenfels	90	32.— to 48.—
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Raetia	90	32.— to 48.—
Waldhotel National	150	30.— to 46.—
Anita	45	25.— to 40.—
Belvédère-Tanneck	65	25.— to 40.—
Isla	50	25.— to 40.—
Merkur	50	25.— to 40.—
Streiff-Juventas	65	25.— to 40.—
Surlej	40	25.— to 40.—
Suvretta	40	25.— to 40.—
Bahnhof	30	22.— to 36.—
Gentiana	30	22.— to 36.—
Hof Arosa	75	22.— to 36.—
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Volume CCLV No. 3310 LONDON, November 9, 1963

THE SPHERE

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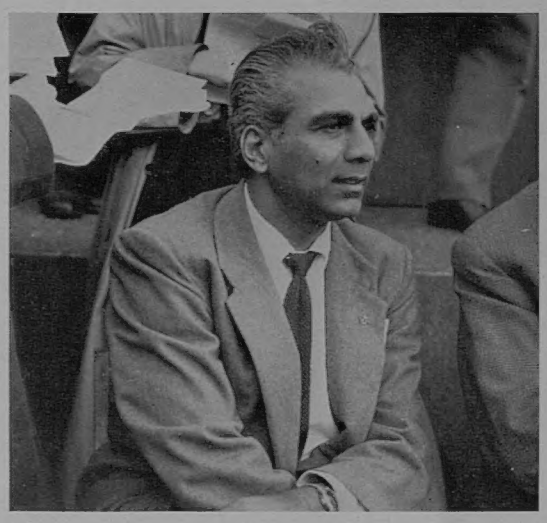
A HANDSHAKE IN BAMAKO

King Hassan of Morocco (second from right) and President Ben Bella of Algeria shake hands in Bamako, the capital of Mali, after signing the agreement for a cease-fire in the border fighting between their countries. On extreme left is the Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia and, extreme right, President Modibo Keita of Mali. They had both taken part in the two days of intensive talks which had led to the armistice terms being agreed. The cease-fire was to come into force at midnight on November 1 and the Moroccan and Algerian forces were to withdraw from a demilitarised zone, to be determined by a commission of Moroccan, Algerian, Ethiopian and Malian officers. The agreement also called for a commission to delineate frontiers. On the day before the cease-fire was to come into force doubts were being expressed in Algiers as to whether the Moroccans would evacuate certain frontier points

NEWS SUMMARY

Dispute brewing over Britain's new bomber; Moroccan-Algerian frontier armistice broken



Above: Dr Jagan at the Trafalgar Square rally
Top: Mr Kennedy at his Press conference last week

Lady Violet Bonham Carter speaks at a mass anti-Apartheid rally in Trafalgar Square. Behind her are Mrs Castle, M.P., and Mr Humphrey Berkeley, M.P. Another speaker was Dr Jagan. About 5,000 people attended

INTERNATIONAL

The overthrow of the Diem regime in South Vietnam (see opposite), and the Lengede mine in West Germany (see pp. 218 and 219) were still the main world news items on Monday morning. During the previous week President Kennedy had dispelled any fears in West Europe of a cut in the American forces in Nato. At his Press conference in Washington he said the US Nato commitment of six divisions in West Germany was to be maintained. Six combat units sent to Germany in the Berlin crisis of 1961 were also to stay.

GREAT BRITAIN

Besides the by-elections, the British people had much to occupy their minds this week. On the delayed reassembly of Parliament next week it was expected there would be a storm over Britain's new bomber, the TSR-2 (see picture on p. 244). The controversy, which was already being ventilated in the Press this week, turns on the aircraft's cost and whether it is militarily and economically justified. Most experts forecast the estimate of £400 million for the TSR-2's development, produced earlier this year by the Ministry of Defence, would be greatly exceeded. The decision of Australia to buy the American TFX (not scheduled to fly until 1966) instead of the TSR-2 added to the controversy.

Further evidence of Britain becoming more scientifically minded was given in a report suggesting the reorganisation of scientific research sponsored by the Government. It had been drawn up by the committee under the chairmanship of Sir Burke Trend, Secretary to the Cabinet. Educationists were still busy discussing the Robbins and the Newsom reports and there appeared to be a growing feeling that the " average " pupils of Newsom were just as important to the country as the " advanced " students of Robbins.

GREECE

Voting took place in the General Elections of last weekend. The controversy over the validity of the last elections in October, 1961, had led to stricter control of voting procedures. After some 10,000 ballot boxes had been unsealed, it appeared that the Centre Union Party, which had been in opposition for 11 years, was level with the National Radical Union, the party which under Mr Karamanlis had, except for the short " caretaker " period before the election, been in power since 1955. If the voting trend continued to the close of the count, it was anticipated in some circles neither of the major parties would be able to form a one-party administration.

AFRICA

On the first two days after the armistice should have come into force on the Moroccan-Algerian frontier there were reports that troops of both sides had opened fire near Figuig, 70 miles from Colomb Bechar. All was reported quiet early on Monday morning. The Ethiopian and Mali officers had arrived in Colomb Bechar to supervise the cease-fire under the Bamako agreement.

BRITISH GUIANA

At the conclusion of the British Guiana Constitutional Conference in London, Mr Duncan Sandys, Commonwealth and Colonial Secretary, announced his decisions on the future of the colony. It had been agreed among the colony's party leaders to accept his arbitration as binding. Mr Sandys said that independence was hardly possible before the end of next year. If British troops left now the situation would get completely out of hand. Harmony and confidence must be restored first. It was most undesirable that the colony should have to rely on outside troops to preserve internal security. Mr Sandys said that fresh elections would be held under a new system of proportional representation. This would replace the existing system of single-member constituencies.

Mr Sandys's decisions, particularly on the independence issue, raised an angry outburst from Dr Jagan. He spoke of " the hour of betrayal " and " Britain's subservience to America's wishes." Both Mr Forbes Burnham and Mr D'Aguiar, leaders of the other two parties, blamed Dr Jagan for " the tragic indignity " of an imposed settlement.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

Army take-over in Saigon

Troops patrol a street in the capital of South Vietnam after the overthrow of the regime of President Ngo Dinh Diem and his brother Ngo Dinh Nhu. They were reported to be dead, whether by suicide or assassination was not known, and on Sunday night their bodies were said to have disappeared mysteriously. The Revolutionary Military Council under Major - General Duong Van Minh (see below), responsible for the coup, had appointed Mr Ngu Nguyen Ngoc Tho, a Buddhist, Prime Minister

Prime Minister's Kinross campaign

Sir Alec Douglas-Home, Conservative candidate in the Kinross and West Perthshire by - election, uses a farm wagon as a campaign platform in the village of Dunning. At the end of last week he had already travelled over a thousand miles in his campaign, and was keeping to a hard programme until polling on Thursday. Other candidates were: Labour, Liberal, Scottish Nationalist, and three Independents

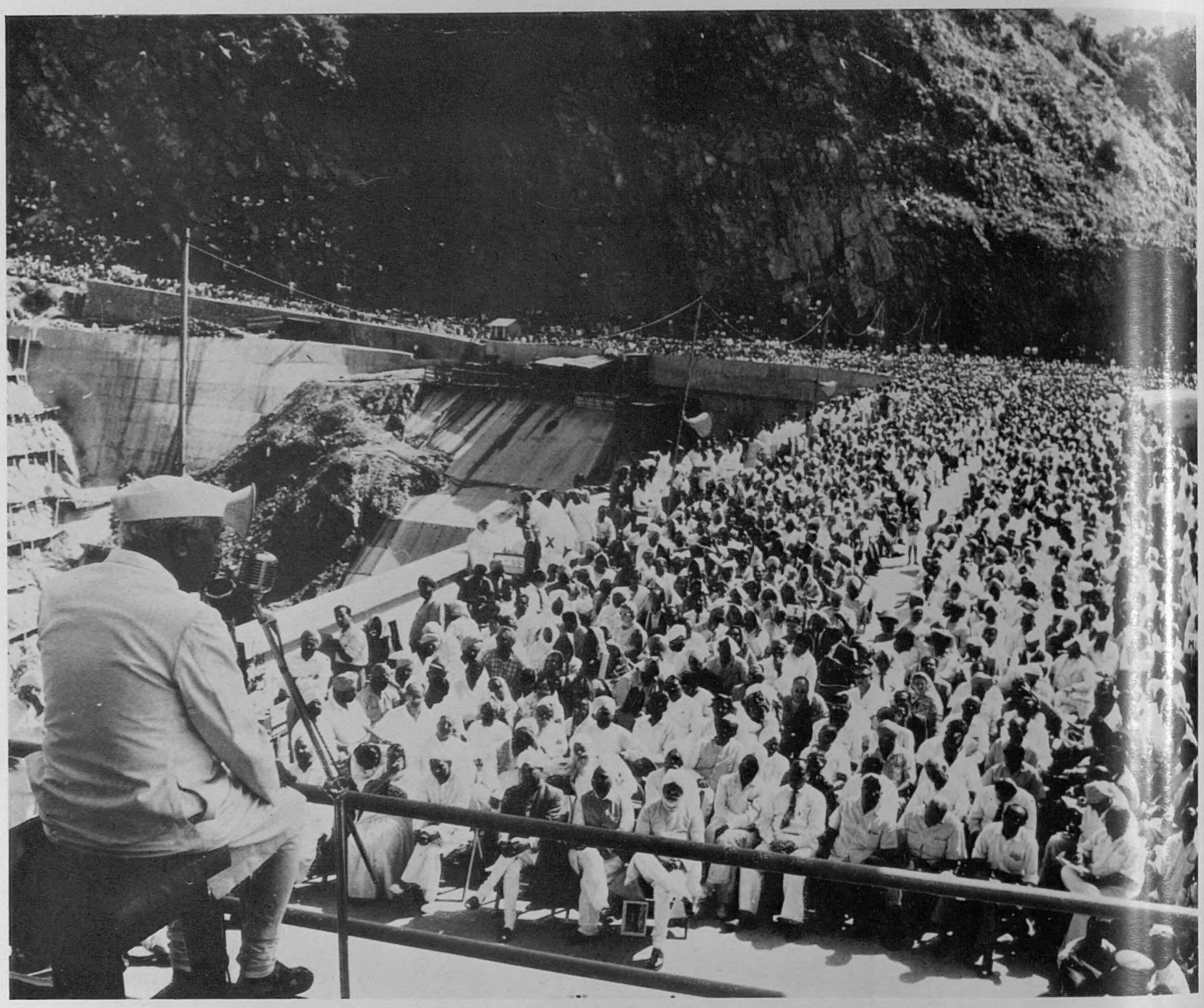
By-election campaign in Luton

Sir John Fletcher-Cooke, the Conservative candidate, accompanied by his wife, talks to a garage mechanic during a tour of the constituency. The other candidates in this election caused by the elevation of Dr Charles Hill to the House of Lords: Mr W. Howie (Labour), Mr M. Benjamin (Liberal) and Dr A. Chater (Communist). The Conservative majority at the last General Election was 5,019. Polling was due on Thursday

A seat for Mr Hogg?

Sir Wavell Wakefield, MP for St. Marylebone since 1945, is to become a Baron. There will thus be a by-election in the constituency. It was expected that Lord Hailsham, Lord President of the Council and Minister of Science, would be invited to be Sir Wavell's successor as Conservative candidate, having first disclaimed his own peerage and become Mr Quintin Hogg again. Marylebone has a majority of nearly 15,000

THE NEWS IN PICTURES



Tallest dam in Asia

Mr Nehru, India's Prime Minister, addresses a vast audience as he declares the giant Bhakra dam in the Punjab to be complete. Later he set the water flowing through the sluices. In height, 740 ft., it is claimed to be Asia's tallest dam. Harnessing the waters of the River Sutlej it will eventually irrigate ten million acres. Built without foreign assistance it is regarded as a symbol of India's technical advance

Mobile music in Japan

In spite of drenching rain, a Japanese Air Force band draws plenty of applause in Tokyo. Mounted in jeeps, it was taking part in a parade

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

Demonstration in southern state
In New Orleans a negro minister, the Rev. Avery Alexander, is dragged towards a police van after leading a 'sit-in' in New Orleans city hall. As a result of this demonstration for civil rights on October 31, two groups of negroes were arrested

British aid to Skopje
Yugoslav workers, directed by men of the Royal Engineers, are building Nissen huts in Skopje to re-house workers and their families made homeless by the earthquake that destroyed the city in July. The task has to be completed before winter

Mongolian envoy
Mr Delegjunain Balzhinnyam is the first Mongolian Ambassador to Britain

Women confer in London
The Duchess of Gloucester speaks at the Silver Jubilee Conference of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs

Coup in West Africa
In Cotonu, the capital of Dahomey, a crowd listens to a speech by Colonel Soglo, Chief of Staff (white shirt in centre background). A few days previously he had announced the dissolution of Parliament and the establishment of a three-man provisional government, its members being Mr Hubert Maga, until then President and Prime Minister, Mr S. M. Apithy, Vice-President and Mr Justin Ahomadegbe, a former party leader. Colonel Soglo had taken his action in an effort to solve the political crisis from which the country had suffered for some months and which had been the cause of unruly demonstrations

DISASTERS AND RESCUES

218 The astonishing story of the flooded ore mine at Lengede in West Germany, from which three miners were rescued on Friday of last week after spending a week trapped underground, took a still more astonishing turn on Sunday. All hope had been abandoned of finding any other survivors, but at the insistence of veteran miners a pilot shaft was drilled at a certain point, and this discovered a group of 11 men still alive. Contact was made with them and food sent down to them. But mine officials estimated that the rescue operation would be even more tricky than that for the three men last week. The mine manager estimated the chances at less than 50-50. Meanwhile, on the other side of the Atlantic, investigation was continuing into the cause of the explosion at the ice show in Indianapolis in the United States.

Above: After the rescue
from left Paul Syska, the
who went down to help
trapped men up in the cyl
and the three who
brought to the surface; Ge
Hanusch, Fritz Leder
Emil Polay
Above left: Before being
down, the cylinder is tried
for size
Top left: A relative talks
a speaking tube to one of
trapped man
Top: A general view of
rescue operations in progr
Right: Food in a contain
dropped in the life-line

The scene of devastation as rescue teams search for dead and injured in the State Fairground Coliseum in Indianapolis after it had been blasted by an explosion. There were 4,000 spectators watching the finale of *Holiday on Ice* when the explosion occurred. A whole section of the seating was lifted into the air and a provisional figure of 63 dead and 348 injured was given. Over 170 were taken to hospital and many of them were reported to be in a critical condition. No member of the cast of the show was hurt

EIRE AND ULSTER

220 At the United Nations and in other international gatherings the British delegates sit behind a big identifying plaque which declares that they represent the United Kingdom. Since the arrangements tend almost always to be made alphabetically—in English—this puts them in a pretty close huddle with the United States and the USSR. But few take the trouble to recall that the name is an abbreviation. The proper designation is: the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland.

We have, many of us, acquired a habit in recent years of forgetting—or slurring over—awkward or inconvenient facts, in politics and in diplomacy. I noticed, for example, the surprise with which many commentators greeted the discovery, thrust upon them in the last weeks of October, that Conservatives in Scotland are called Unionists. Similarly, there is a general tendency, among supposedly well-informed people, to forget that Northern Ireland, by the determined and oft-repeated preference of the majority of its inhabitants, is as much part of the United Kingdom as Kent. Merioneth or Caithness.

There have been one or two tentative moves lately towards some kind of closer link between Northern Ireland and Eire. In the course of these exchanges it was asserted that this was a matter which solely concerned Irishmen. This is not quite accurate. It affects Englishmen, Scotsmen and Welshmen too. There are between ourselves and the people of the Six Counties many strong ties of love, obligation, shared loyalty and shared responsibility. These ties cannot be broken unilaterally, they ought not to be broken unilaterally. We have, at breathtaking speed, dissolved the British Empire and turned it into a Commonwealth to which, in our anxiety to avoid affronting an increasing number of our fellow-members, we refrain from appending the adjective 'British'—too loaded a word. But the 'United Kingdom' is a different proposition.

Or is it? Ireland, after all, was the launching platform for the whole vast process of imperial liquidation. Yet for more than 40 years Ireland has not been an issue in British internal politics. The anguish and the anger which convulsed British public life for generations are now a matter only for historians. But the lessons of Ireland have not been ignored elsewhere. Indians, Arabs, Jews, Cypriots, Africans and Asians, first in their scores, then hundreds, then thousands, studied what had happened in the long and painful struggle, out of which evolved the Republic of Eire.

Americans flatter themselves, a little too easily sometimes, that the great example of liberation from the evils of colonialism in modern history is supplied to the aspiring and the oppressed by the Thirteen Colonies; but the real teachers of Archbishop Makarios, Mr Kenyatta, Dr Nkrumah, Dr Banda and (let us murmur it) Fidel Castro were De Valera and Michael Collins. Some would say that the muddle and the mess that was made, across the centuries, over Ireland was repeated, in the space of decades, again and again in the short, bleak history of the decline and fall of the British Empire. Ireland was not, though it seemed so at the time, a unique problem.

Exhaustion over bloodshed imposed a solution, as 40 years later it was to impose a solution in Algeria. Like the Algerian, the Irish solution was far from perfect, but it has survived. At its core was—and still is—partition; and it is interesting—indeed salutary—to reflect how often, in the years since, some form of partition has had to be imposed, either before the alien rulers' departure, or at the moment of the transference of power. India and Palestine are two outstanding examples.

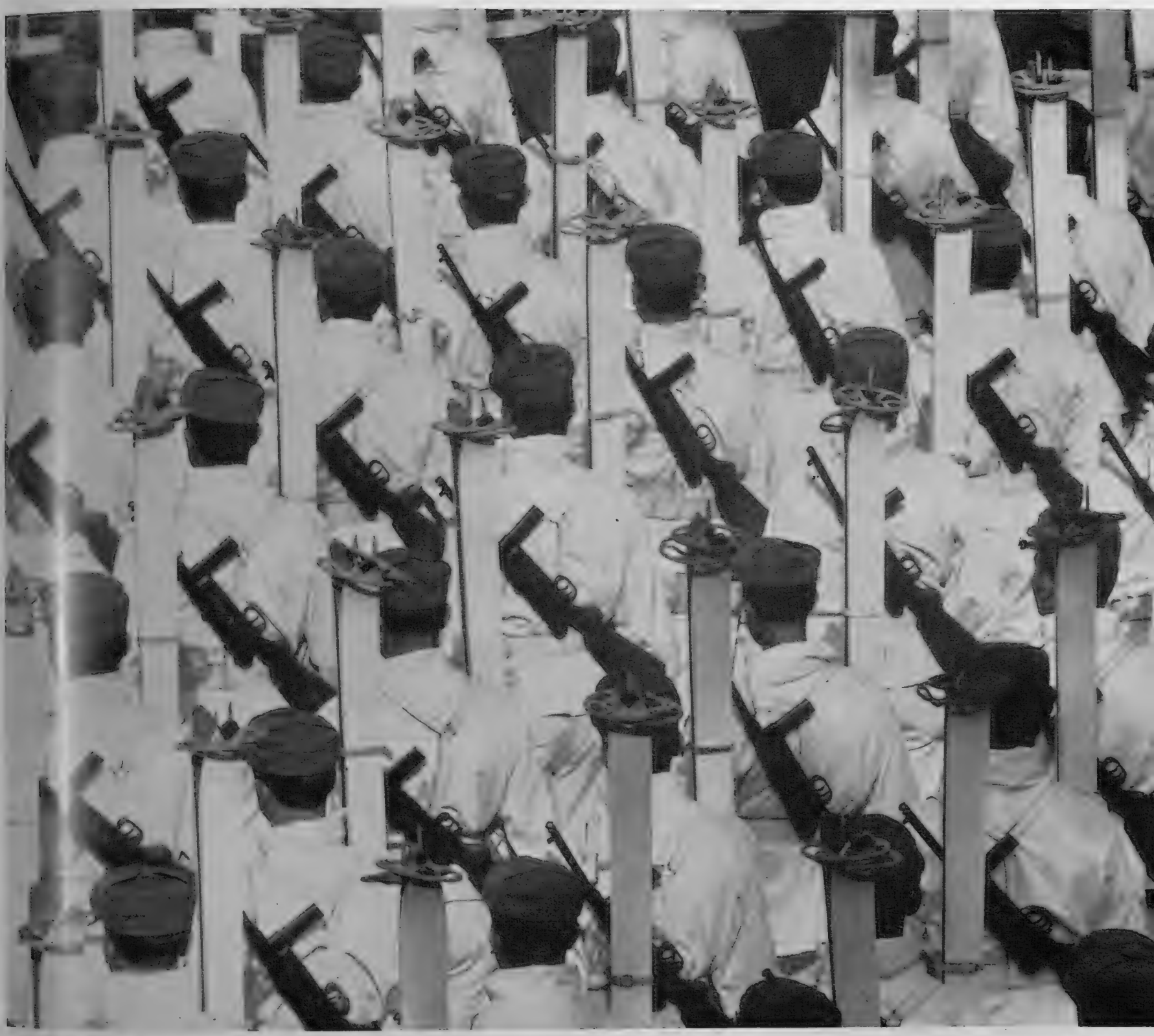
In Ireland, it has worked, not perfectly of course but reasonably enough to make life on each side of the border, for most of the time, bearable for the majority *and* the minority. It has served to emphasise and sustain the differences between the people of the Six Counties and their neighbours; but it has also prevented the elimination—political, economic, social, religious and cultural—of the minority by the majority. Apologists for Southern Irish nationalism in the decades that led up to the Treaty, and opponents of Ulster separatism, have always hotly denied that there was any likelihood of such a process of elimination occurring. What was important then was Ulster's passionate conviction that this was the fate prepared for her Protestant population. The Ulster Protestants—like the Indian Muslims a generation later—were determined not to commit communal suicide. Their resolution made a tidy and overall solution impracticable, and it helped to shatter the once great Liberal Party. The bitterness of the argument still lingers; progressive-minded persons still shower abuse on the memories of Edward Carson, the first Lord Birkenhead and the first Lord Craigavon. They are regarded at worst as Fascist hyenas born out of their time, at best as stubborn reactionaries, utterly negative in their resistance to Home Rule, and determined to block progress at any cost. There was, however, a very constructive and a truly selfless motive underlying their policy. They were proud, with a deep and enduring passion, of being British, of being citizens of the United Kingdom, and joined to the rest of us by those shared loyalties and shared responsibilities which I mentioned earlier. This is nowadays, as I fully realise, an unlikely as well as an unfashionable concept. But when the Ulster loyalists formulated it and put it into practice, it provoked a strong response among millions in the rest of the United Kingdom.

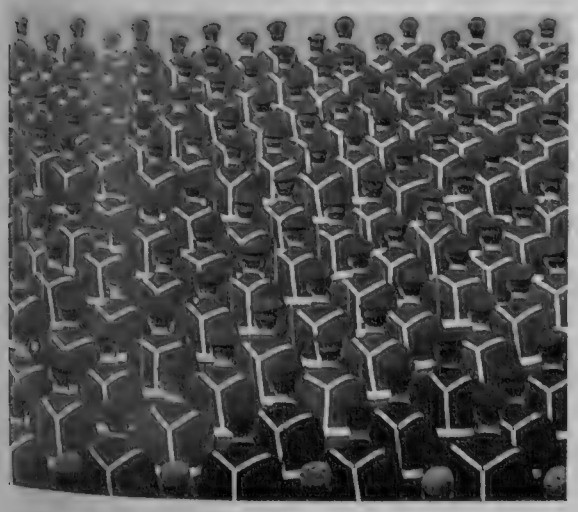
Today, when the sense of loyalty and the sense of responsibility have both greatly diminished, we and the people of the Six Counties (as well as the people of Eire) are faced with the consequences of decisions taken in the early 1920's. Time, it is true, has not stood still—even in Ireland, great areas of which seem perpetually immobilised in a grey, cool and rainswept Edwardian afternoon. IRA gunmen, like everyone else, must grow old; the causes of their youth are comprehended by their grandchildren.

Eire and Northern Ireland have learned to rub along with one another. The days when an Ulster judge, because of past associations with the hated British Government, had to have armed police protection night and day long since past. Dublin and Stormont exchange confidential information in an amiable manner—and it is by no means confined to matters like cattle-rustling and smuggling across the border. But this is a relationship between two peoples and the governments of two different countries. It has not the grim, absolute quality of the confrontation between Israel and her Arab neighbours, nor the nagging, dissatisfied and stultifying nastiness of relations between India and Pakistan; it has been made to work. Nevertheless the differences are of the utmost importance. It is illogical and costly that there should be two different administrations, two different coinage and fiscal systems and two different sets of defence forces in one small island. These are complications which have to be borne with tolerance. They are manifestations of a fundamental cleavage which the passing of time has done nothing to diminish. Northern Ireland is an anomaly, I know, but it is an anomaly which, so long as there is any respect for minorities, must persist.

The Queen Mother opens the Northern Ireland Parliament in Belfast. With her on the steps is the Governor of Northern Ireland, Lord Wakehurst (centre), and the Speaker of the House of Commons Sir Norman Strange

To maintain difference is not to preserve hatred. Hatred had a long, harsh reign in Ireland; it is high time for it to be exiled for ever from individual hearts and communal and international relations. The Southern Irish, have their faith, their loyalties and their traditions, the Northerners have theirs. There has been and there still is a deal of bigotry on both sides of the border. I have heard anti-partitionists talk about the people of Northern Ireland with a ferocity and a vindictiveness that make the blood curdle; I have also heard some ugly and violent remarks from Orangemen. The pity of the situation has been that these emotions should still be regarded as relevant. For Ireland's high song is over. In the South it is gone with Yeats and Lady Gregory. And Parnell is in his grave.





Above: Mountain police march through Rome in the anniversary parade for the formation of the Italian police force
Left: Another section in the parade

A PATTERN OF POLICEMEN

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

13-15 John Adam Street, London, WC2

222 **Tot homines . . .**

A good laugh was just what was needed to dissipate the fumes engendered by the choice of Lord Home as Premier. The symposium of contrary opinions, very forcibly expressed, admirably supplied that need in the columns of *The Times*. There was the voice of the life-long Socialist who would never again vote Labour because Wilson was so rude to dear Lord Home, and the voice of the life-long Tory who would never again support that party because of its rejection of poor Mr Butler and progress. For every variety of reason, 'life-long' Tories, Socialists, Liberals and what-not got so hot in the collar as to announce the renouncement of their hereditary principles. But though hard words were bandied about and cruel things said, the protagonists were gently enough dealt with except by the barbarous 'Satyrs' of TWTWTW. It was generally found difficult to be too rough with Sir Alec who 'answered the call of duty' or with the trusty servant who—once more into the breach—now fills his place at the Foreign Office.

"Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues."

Can it be that the dawn of civilised behaviour in party politics is lightening the eastern sky, and that bad manners and barbarous insults are on the way out, having proved doubtfully effective as vote catchers? A further word of advice to all Cromwells, Labour or Liberal or Tory from the same source:

"Be just and fear not;
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's and truth's; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr."

Wolsey got the idea too late. Whisper it with bated breath, but do you 'sense' that already Sir Alec's gentle image has begun to impinge on the electorate, and a partial eclipse over Mr Wilson's can be observed through a telescope?

No. 10

"Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai
Whose portals are alternate night and day,
How Sultan after Sultan with his Pomp
Abode his destined hour and went his way."

These lines came into my mind as I looked on the restored facades of Nos. 10 and 11. There is always a quotation in Omar Khayyam to fit any circumstances. They have ironed out the batterings with new paints and plasters and the houses look very smart and solid. A smiling morning face should encourage optimism. But I recalled how 'only the other day' the furniture removers arrived and left, and how soon their services were and may be called for again; and I wondered how long the new tenants will enjoy their new furnishings. Battered, or with all mod. cons., I don't like to think of No. 10 as a posting-house or caravanserai. But 'dossing down' in it (at great expense and trouble) for a matter of weeks or months certainly suggests a hotel rather than a headquarters; and the events of these last weeks suggest that, in the uncertainties of life and of politics, new tenants would be wise to store their own furniture and make do with the tastes of the last occupier until the future is clearer. The Office of Works is quite generous in providing essentials for spartan living.

Peerage puzzles

Those who drafted the Act which enlarged the categories of Life peerages seem to have done a rush job and have left some loose ends to be resolved. Mr Macmillan made rather scant use of this new method of recruiting the House of Lords. He greatly preferred recommending hereditary titles, and was a notable baronetcy-maker also. Three of his personal entourage received parting handshakes of hereditary

The Minister of Education Sir Edward Boyle after opening the rebuilt Dame Alice Owen's School in Islington

The last train on the line to Horsted Keynes via Haywards Heath. The Horsted Keynes section was being closed under the Beeching plan

honours. Mr John Wyndham's peerage—a reward for friendship and faithful unpaid service—did not seem an obvious occasion for an hereditary peerage, since he is heir to a hereditary barony and his father is 80. Some 'puzzles' concern courtesy titles: a courtesy title is no title at all, of course. An earl's daughter, for example, is described in documents as 'the Honourable Mary Blank, commonly called Lady Mary Blank.' An earl's eldest son is in the same category though 'commonly called' Viscount or Baron. If a father renounces his earldom, his children, it is presumed (whatever the Act says), retain the right (which belongs to everybody in Britain) to call themselves anything they like, provided their choice of name and title has no criminal design. I believe there is nothing to prevent me calling myself Duke of Omnium. The new Premier has already created two new hereditary titles where Life peerages would have been equally effective. Presumably he will follow his predecessor's example and continue to make scant use of the Life Peerage Act, despite all the trouble and bother it has caused him to disembarrass himself of hereditary honours. It has always struck me as regrettable that in the sensible effort to 'democratise' the Upper House, it was not agreed to treat Life peers as Bishops and to accord no titles to their wives and offspring. But it was decided to proliferate the title of 'honourable.' The Tories, at any rate, can't have enough of them. The only excuse I can think of for voting Labour or Liberal is that those parties have pledged themselves to abate this nonsense.

The Age of Elegance

Certainly the Age of Elegance is not the right label for this era of affluence, and a rival for that label has been recently discovered underground in southern Turkey dating 9,000 years, even before George IV was Regent. Mr James Mellaart in detailing his discoveries at Catal Huyuk claims to have found a civilisation which compares favourably with any that succeeded it; and not only in Anatolia. Taste, luxury, elegance, economic and industrial know-how, to an undreamed-of degree, have been revealed in his digs among these lost cities superimposed one on another. These Neolithic men had nothing to learn from us in technical skills, in pottery, fine textiles, jewellery, armour, internal and external decoration, and in all the housewife's business of sanitation, air, light, and admirably made labour-saving devices. A very religious people, they built and lived their lives to the glory of

epares to pull out of Brighton. The Haywards Heath-Horsted wo engines dated 1875 and 1898 hauled vintage coaches

Left: Inspecting the swimming pool used by the boys' training school at HMS *Vincent*, Gosport, is Earl Jellicoe, recently appointed First Lord of the Admiralty

Below: The Lord Mayor of London, Sir Ralph Perring (left) presents a cheque for £410, a donation from Switzerland, to the Secretary of the Shaftesbury Homes, Mr F. A. Thorpe. Between them is the Swiss Ambassador in London, M Armin Daeniker. The new Lord Mayor, Alderman Harman, takes office on November 9

Bottom: Without halting train services, Cannon Street Station is being rebuilt. Here workmen erect temporary roofing on one of the platforms for use while the construction of the station takes place

their goddess and found in gracious living the best of two worlds. These people flourished three centuries before civilisation began in Egypt and it may be that the treasures of Tutankhamen owe much to their artistic influence. All of which suggests that a study of history is a sound foundation for the most confident and go-ahead technicians and manufacturers of our day. Technology is not enough.

Return to the Island

The inhabitants of Tristan da Cunha by a large majority adult vote have taken a look at our affluent society and decided that it is not for them. I can't blame them. They will be as safe at home on Tristan. Our roads are quite as lethal as their volcanoes and so, too, are many of our habits. The pursuit of money has not attracted them. Most of them have decisively made up their minds (which our uncommitted voters hitherto have failed to do) that the only tolerable existence is one in which the individual enjoys some freedom of choice for himself and his family and retains the pride and joy of individual initiative and providence. Some of our modern gadgets are attractive enough, no doubt, but not worth the price they must pay for them. *The Old Stager*

THE VICTORS AND THE VANQUISHED

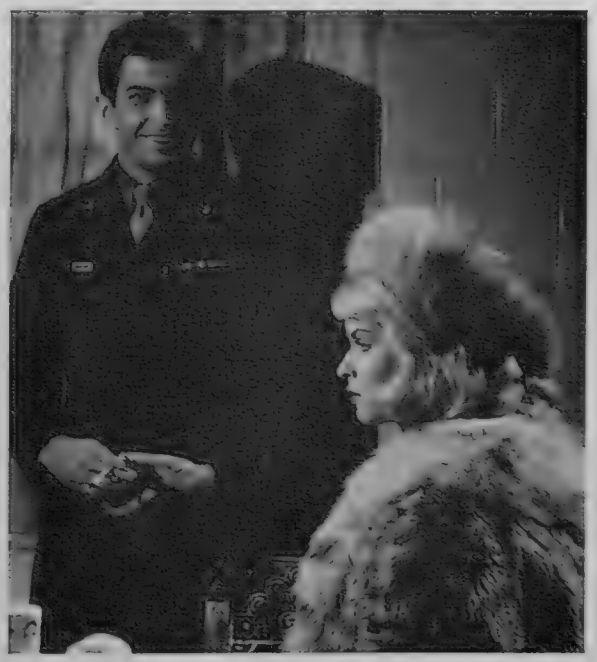
224 To the victors go the spoils of war, the land, the loot and the women. Here is a film intended to dismiss the rosy myth created by the soldiers who survive. The World Premiere of *The Victors* takes place next week at the Odeon Theatre, London. One of the most eagerly awaited films of the year, *The Victors* is another war film, but with differences. Production, direction and screenplay are by Carl Foreman, whose reputation is based on such films as *High Noon* and *The Guns of Navarone*. In *The Victors*, he uses war as backcloth to the story of six love affairs between soldiers storming through Europe and the women they meet. The affairs are brief. In their brevity is Foreman's point that in modern war no one can win, however evident the difference between the victors and the vanquished.

Above: In *The Victors*, Romy Schneider plays the grave orphan who becomes 'a good-time girl' in Ostend

Top: Maurice Ronet, as a French Lieutenant, lights his cigar in mid-battle

Top right: During a lull in the fighting, four of the heroes take it easy. From left, the actors are: George Hamilton, Vince Edwards, Jim Mitchum and George Peppard

Right: With Melina Mercouri (of *Never on Sunday* fame), a Polish outcast in war-torn Belgium, is George Peppard



Above: George Hamilton as the idealist Trower with Senta Berger as Trudi

Top: Bitter-sweet love for Vincent Edwards, the quiet GI, and Rosanna Schiaffino, the Italian girl whose husband is lost in the fighting

Top left: An incident in *The Victors*. The film does not spare anyone's feelings

Left: The aristocratic French widow, acted by Jeanne Moreau, finds solace in a rugged US sergeant, Eli Wallach

The items in ' The Voice of the Commonwealth ' are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of ' The Sphere '

THE VOICE OF THE COMMONWEALTH

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HIGH COMMISSIONERS IN LONDON, 3 — CANADA

Above: Mr George Drew, P.C., Q.C., High Commissioner for Canada since 1957. **Above right:** Square-dancing in O

Urbanity is the quality which comes to mind as soon as one meets Mr George Alexander Drew, who retires at the end of this year as High Commissioner for Canada. At the age of 69 he can look back over a career in which he has been variously diplomatist, politician, lawyer, soldier, author and much else besides. And one feels there may well still be much to come.

Two hundred years ago the High Commissioner's ancestors emigrated from Devonshire, from the village of Drewsteignton. " Almost every gravestone there," he says, " has the name Drew or Drewe on it." They settled first in Boston, but during the Civil War they were United Empire Loyalists and so emigrated to Canada after American independence. England can claim only a quarter of Mr Drew. As a result of his forebears' marriages he is three-quarters Scottish.

He comes of a family of lawyers. His father was a lawyer, so was grandfather (who was also a politician and a member of the first Canadian Parliament of 1867). Mr Drew's son is now completing his legal studies. The High Commissioner's birthplace was Guelph in Ontario—' The Royal City ' as it still likes to be called, though Windsor has long been the Royal Family's patronymic. Guelph was where he first practised but his entry into the Law was postponed by active service in the Great War. He was wounded in Flanders, serving as a gunner. The artillery remains his first military interest, but one of his best-known books concerns Canada's Air Force in World War I. A copy of his *Canada's Fighting Airmen* was given to every officer entering the RCAF during the last war. The real impact of the Great War on him perhaps comes out in another of his books, *Salesmen of Death*, which deals with the trafficking of arms dealers and their machinations in international politics. Mr Drew was called to the Ontario Bar in 1920 and his advance in his profession was spectacular. He was appointed Assistant Master of the Ontario Supreme Court at the age of 31 and three years later became Master. The economic crisis of 1931 thrust new duties on him, as Chairman of the newly formed Ontario Securities Commission until 1934. His task was to clean up dishonest practices in the investment market and he admits he had to prosecute quite a few brokers.

There was little surprise when, in 1938, one already much in the public eye was elected Leader of the Ontario Conservative Party, even though he had no seat in the Legislature. He became a member of it the following year and from 1943 to 1948 was Premier of the Province. The next stage in his career was in national politics. In 1948 he became Leader of the Conservative Opposition in the Dominion Parliament. Ill-health caused him to retire in 1956. One inevitably finds oneself reflecting on what sort of a Prime Minister he would have made, had this not happened. But politics' loss was diplomacy's gain when, in 1957, he had recovered and was appointed to London.

In his entry in *Who's Who* Mr Drew lists no recreations and one might pardonably think that with such a full life he has had little time for them. This is far from the case. " There must be very few sports I haven't tried at some time or other." Golf and fishing are his present favourites. To a man of such obvious breadth and depth of view, it is almost impertinent to ask about reading. " I always read in bed before going to sleep." Other recreations ? " I paint, but only for my own satisfaction. And my real interest is photography."

Mention of the camera leads him to discuss his travels, which have been wide and perceptive. I asked him if there was any part of the world he had not been in. " Yes. South America and Africa except for the north. But I'm planning to go to South Africa next year."

Mr Drew's camera has sometimes caused him trouble. He was in Moscow in 1937, in the darkest days of Stalin at the time of his purge of his generals. It was a period in central Europe when it was safer to carry a bomb than a camera and Mr Drew was duly arrested for taking pictures near the Kremlin. He was held for several hours in the infamous Lubianka prison—without realising, until he had been allowed to go, that he had been in the notorious Secret Police headquarters building in which Marshal Tukachevsky had been shot the previous week. The High Commissioner was in Moscow again last year, at the time of the Cuban crisis. In spite of Cuba, he found an entirely different atmosphere from 1937. He believes there really is a relaxation in the East-West tension. Mr Drew also likes to make comparisons between West Germany today and Hitler's Germany, which he also knew well.

Travel is going to occupy Mr Drew's early months of retirement. He and his wife are both deeply interested in history, especially the Ancient Roman period. They plan to visit Roman sites in Italy and on the north African coast.

When he is asked which part of his career to date he has enjoyed most, he replies, " all of it." And this is obviously true. One point which has given him particular pleasure in his High Commissionership is that during the last

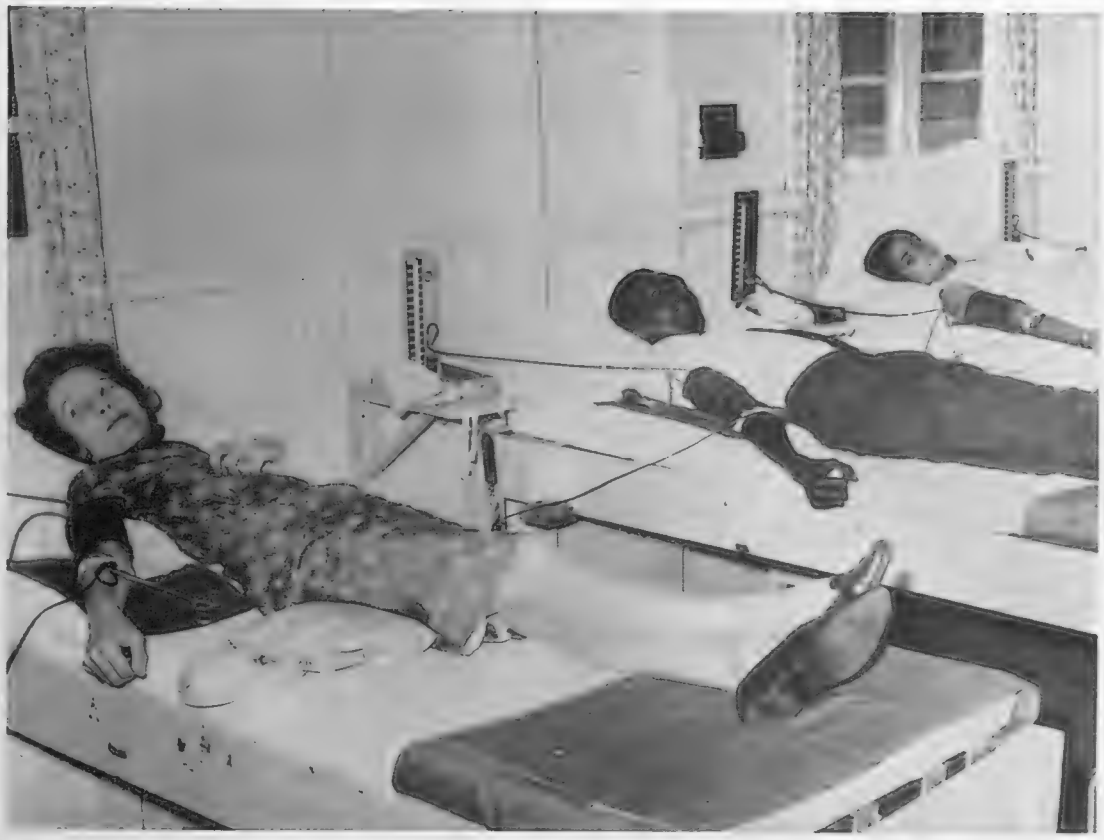
With his wife outside the Sir John Macdonald building, London

year the number of emigrants from Britain to Canada has doubled.

Another record during his stay in London belongs perhaps as much to Mrs Drew as to him. The Drews have done more entertaining than any previous Canadian High Commissioner. Mrs Drew was the daughter of the late Edward Johnson, the famous opera singer and one-time Director of the Metropolitan Opera in New York. Her mother, Beatrice Viscontessa d'Arneiro, died when the daughter was very young. So as a girl Mrs Drew began entertaining on behalf of her father and has for many years deservedly enjoyed the reputation of being a perfect hostess.

The High Commissioner says that his secretaries sometimes express surprise at the number and variety of people who turn up at the office in Trafalgar Square and claim, quite rightly, to be friends of his. When one considers the diversity of his life and the warmth of his character, can there really be any question of surprise?

Charles Dimont



Above: Multi-racial blood donors. At a Nairobi blood bank in Kenya, two women, European and Asian, and an African man, donate their blood to re-stock diminishing supplies. The authorities said that blood reserves had reached a critically low level. At sometime in the future these donations will help to save the life of an injured person, regardless of his or her colour

Left: Teachers for Down Under. At Australia House in London, the Acting High Commissioner, Sir Allen Brown, meets three English teachers. They are going to Australia in 1964 to teach under the auspices of the League for the Exchange of Commonwealth Teachers. From left to right, they are: Miss M. M. Duffin from Hampshire; Miss J. A. Pitts, Middlesex; Sir Allen; Miss J. Carr, Cumberland; and Lady Brown

Left: At New Zealand House in London, the High Commissioner, Sir Thomas Macdonald, entertains to tea four of a group of 18 English teachers who will be leaving for similar work in New Zealand over the next few months. From left to right: Miss R. M. Higginbotham, Cheshire; Sir Thomas; Miss M. C. McL. Anderson, Glasgow; Miss P. H. Ainsworth, Northern Ireland; and Miss E. M. Melville, Derby

IN MILITANT MOOD

Above: A unit of the Indonesian army marches in a parade in Jakarta, the capital of the largest country in South East Asia

Right: Dr Subandrio, the Foreign Minister of Indonesia, gives an informal Press conference at the airport of Jakarta. His views are generally believed to have considerable influence with President Sukarno

President Sukarno of Indonesia has shown himself lately in especially militant mood against the formation of the Federation of Malaysia. Figures for 1962 show the Indonesian army to consist of 300,000 officers and men, and the Navy to have 16,000, all ranks. Some destroyers are Russian-built. The Soviet Union has also supplied a number of bombers and fighters for the Air Force. Among the Communist countries, Russia appears to be Indonesia's prop rather than China. What proportion of the population of 98 million really supports President Sukarno's rule is problematic. There have been reports of attempts on his life in recent years.

Left: The President's plane is accompanied on a flight by fighters

Below: A review of women members of his fighting forces by President Sukarno, the Supreme Commander

Above: The Statue of Welcome in Jakarta was built for the Asian Games held there a few years ago

Left: A marine stands by a tree guarding a street along which the President is to drive

Above left: General Nasution, the Minister of Defence, with his daughter in their home. The General is regarded as one of the 'strong men' of Indonesia in whom the real power of government resides

IN MILITANT MOOD *continued from page 229*

Above: Rice is gathered in the country districts. Apart from Jakarta and a few other big centres life is still primitive for the Indonesians

Top: Weighing the rice, on the crops of which so many families depend for their livelihood

Right: On the far side of the river in Jakarta is an imposing new building. In contrast to this, on the near side a family lives in poor conditions

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

IN DEFENCE OF STARLINGS

Sun-steeped in fire, the homeward pinions sway
Above the dovecote-tops;
And clouds of starlings, ere they rest with day,
Sink, clamorous like mill-waters, at wild play,
By turns in every copse:

Each tree heart-deep the wrangling rout receives—
Save for the whirr within,
You could not tell the starlings from the leaves;
Then one great puff of wings, and the swarm heaves
Away with all its din.

Thus wrote Dante Gabriel Rossetti, who is not usually thought of as a particularly good naturalist. But he was certainly a good and close observer. His lines are among the best descriptions of a starling roost I know.

Starlings are unpopular birds. You will find few ordinary bird-lovers with a good word to say for the starling. (I do not use the word 'ordinary' in a derogatory sense; merely to distinguish the person with an interest in birds and a love of them, the person who likes feeding the birds in the garden, from the ornithologist.) Quarrelsome, greedy, a bully, ugly: that is what you usually hear said of the starling. And, of course, it is understandable. Food is put out on the bird-table, scattered on the lawn; and down come the starlings. The abuse merely emphasises the fact that the starling is an exceptionally successful bird, a bird of great character.

Ugly it certainly is not. At first sight, at a casual glance, especially in summer, it may appear as a rather plump, rather ungainly, black bird. But in winter, caught in the pale sunshine it wears a coat of many colours. Look closely. The crown and the nape of the neck are green, and in the green there is a purple tinge. The mantle is purple with a reddish tinge, and the back green and purple. The breast is bronzed green and the flanks purple with a bluish tinge. And all the feathers of the upper parts are tipped with buff, and all the feathers of the lower parts tipped with white. These greens and reds and purples and blues are not splashed in liberal masses: they are no more than little spots of colour on a blackish background, so small that it is difficult, virtually impossible, to pick them out individually with any certainty. Indeed, it is not so much a matter of colour itself, but of reflected colour. The feathers, even parts of a single feather, seem to catch the pale sunshine and reflect it to the eye as colour. The whole bird has a metallic gloss. Far from being ugly, the starling in winter is one of the most beautiful of birds.

Nor do I consider it a bully. True, it takes what it wants and that is a lot. But it is not a bully in the sense that the robin and the great tit, that some song thrushes, are. The starlings swoop to my bird-table and clear it of food in the winking of an eye. All other birds are driven away: or rather, they leave because there is no room for them. But one starling, two starlings, on the bird-table are content to share with other birds. They do not drive them away as the robin or the tit will attempt to do. Individually, the starling is a kindly bird; highly intelligent, and a first-class mimic.

After the starlings had flown
Over the plain and were gone,
There was one of them stayed on alone
In the trees; it chattered on high,
Lifting its bill to the sky,
Distending its throat,
Crooning harsh note after note,
In soliloquy,
Sitting alone.
And after a hush
It gurgled as gurgles a well,
Warbled as warbles a thrush,
Had a try at the sound of a bell
And mimicked a jay . . .

Like Ford Madox Hueffer, I have heard only solitary starlings mimic. Perhaps they do so to pass the time: because they are lonely.

For the starling is essentially a social bird, a flock bird, the community spirit strong within it, eager to accept the discipline of the tribe. And a congregation of starlings is as disciplined as a well-trained army and can be as ruthless. Quarrelsome? Of course, there are quarrels between individuals within the flock—you will often see two face up to each other and spar momentarily—but this is only the bickering of small boys at a prep school: it is never allowed to interfere with the work of the flock as a whole.

I have been watching a flock of starlings, quite a small flock, working my lawn, which is a large one. They work it methodically from end to end, apparently leaving no yard of it unsearched, and they do so in ordered ranks, the space between each rank approximately the same. They march across the lawn with a quick, rather jerky, walk, each bird busy probing the soil immediately around it. And then, suddenly, as though at word of command, the rear file will take wing as one, fly over the ranks in front, and become the front rank. After a while, it will happen again; the rear rank will take wing to become the leader. And the progress of the flock across the lawn will not falter for a moment. It is quite fascinating to watch.

It is the same with flight. One is accustomed to the ordered manoeuvres of the great flocks of waders on the saltings. Starlings are really every whit as good, the flight fast and direct, the whole flock wheeling as one as though there were a leader and an uttered command. Perhaps there is: who can tell? I think that there is a flock mind at work, that the hundreds of birds think as one. They come into roost (some roosts number thousands of birds) in separate parties from the feeding grounds and after they have landed there is a good deal of chatter; the "wrangling" of Rossetti, but I think that it is really only gossip. The parties do not settle down at once. A party will suddenly burst from the trees and indulge in a few spectacular aerial evolutions, before returning. And then another party and then another will do the same thing. And as the evening advances the parties join together, larger and larger parties burst from the trees to perform complicated manoeuvres as a disciplined whole; the small flock mind gradually becoming absorbed into the big flock mind. And then, suddenly the birds settle down; the twittering dies away and there is silence.

To enter a copse, taken over by a big flock of starlings as a roost, is an awesome experience. There is complete silence. There may be a moon, but in the heart of the copse it is dark, black dark, and for a moment you are very much alone. And then you realise that every branch is thick with birds huddled together, shoulder to shoulder. The silence is broken by a murmuring: not vocal, just the murmuring caused by bodies moving ever so slightly, protesting at your presence. There is something oppressive, hostile, frightening in so much life, small and unseen, awake in the darkness.

A flock of starlings takes flight

WEEKENDING IN WINTER

BY SYLVIE NICKELS

A change is as good as a rest in the depths of the British winter. I have no doubts about it. Nor do I think it needs such a special temperament to appreciate the lonelier, wilder landscapes of wintry Britain, or the roads empty of traffic, or the crackle of an open fire in some ancient inn and the long, leisurely local gossip that goes with it.

The main thing is not to disillusion oneself into expecting a riviera climate anywhere in these islands in winter. The sun when it comes —which it surprisingly often does—is a bonus gratefully received which makes the naked countryside look marvellous. One solution is to find a place that is near fine country but which itself has plenty to show should the weather turn to its British worst. Such a place is Chester, which I first visited this year and now wonder why I waited so long.

Many will already know it. For those who don't and who, like myself, will rave over the discovery of some completely walled city abroad, it's good to be reminded that we have them too. Chester is our best example. Quite apart from its two miles of walls providing a complete circuit, its six gates and cathedral with really glorious cloisters, its Roman remains and views over the Dee, the town centre is almost entirely composed of those tiered street frontages whose unique covered Rows at first floor level are the strollers' delight whatever the weather, giving a wonderful vantage point from which to view the wealth of half-timbered buildings which support them. Not least, Chester has its own pleasant, clean-cut country surroundings and lies within an hour or two's drive of some of Wales' most magnificent scenery, including Snowdonia.

York, Cheltenham, Windermere, are some of the many other possibilities; so is Edinburgh which can be reached for the unprecedented low cost of 2 gns single from London through BEA's new winter off-peak stand-by fares. The same arrangements also apply to Glasgow and Belfast but, of course, in all cases involve midnight travel.

For accommodation you will not go far wrong with a Trust House, of which there are over 200 throughout the UK. One or two of them have special weekend arrangements. The Dragon Hotel at Swansea, for example, which opened its doors two years ago, has Friday-to-Monday arrangements including a Saturday dinner-dance and free golfing facilities; the adjoining Gower Peninsula provides wonderful walking country. Saturday dinner-dances are held, too, at the Royal Victoria at St. Leonards-on-Sea from which the battlefields, castles, abbeys and Cinque Ports of the Kent and Sussex coasts are enough to fill several weekend sightseeing programmes. A final Trust House suggestion is the Moorland Hotel, Haytor, an excellent riding centre surrounded by Dartmoor's magnificent desolation yet only 14 miles from Torquay. Here, special winter weekends at £7 10s cover full board from Friday dinner to Monday breakfast, including four hours' riding.

Two more country hotels with special arrangements lie in the Cotswold country: the Bay Tree at Burford and the Manor House at Moreton-in-Marsh. From Friday dinner until Monday breakfast, all-in terms are 5 gns per person (6 gns with private bath) from early November to the end of February, excluding the weekends before and after Christmas. There's a good Trust House at Moreton-in-Marsh, too: the White Hart Royal.

In Torquay, few gastronomes will need reminding of the Gastronomic Weekends run by the Imperial Hotel in one of Britain's most likely places for winter sunshine (the southern shore of the Lleyn peninsula in North Wales is another). Full details of these weekends for the 1963-64 season were given in Ganymede's article in *The Sphere* of October 12, but the three dates are November 29-December 2, January 31-February 3, and February 28-March 2. The inclusive price of 18 gns covers accommodation (20 gns with single room), all meals from Friday to Sunday night, prepared by a different famous guest restaurant from the Continent, including the fabulous gala banquet, cocktails, wines, entertainment. Sidmouth, just along the coast, is another good possibility, owing much to its well-sheltered position.

Some of the best discoveries are naturally the ones you make yourself. One of mine a few months ago was Alresford in Hampshire. This is the kind of place people rush through on their way to Winchester, unlike Cromwell who, tradition has it, christened the spot when he ordered his men to "All rest by the ford." The surrounding countryside is lovely, including the Candovers and the buried Church

of St. Nicholas at Chilton Candover; the pubs are ancient and good, and tucked away between the neat whitewashed houses are all sorts of historical curios, such as the row of tombstones in the churchyard inscribed in French, for buried there were French prisoners of war from the Napoleonic Wars, a fact which has earned Alresford a mention in the school text books of France.

On Lady Day the Tichborne Dole is distributed, as it has been since the time of Henry I. The story goes that the dying benefactress who originated the Dole was told by her less-generous husband that she could bequeath to the poor as much corn as she could manage to crawl around. The field where this act of fortitude is said to have taken place is still known locally as 'the Crawl.' But in the bar of the Bell you will be regaled with many other stories, as well as an insight into how

Left: Bathed in autumn sunshine, York Minster is seen from the city walls

Far left: Deck-chair leisure at the Imperial Hotel, Torquay

Below: In Chester the covered pavements at first floor level in Watergate Street are called *The Rows*

to grow watercress, which is probably the main product of Alresford.

Finally there is London itself, where weekends are arranged by a few of the main travel agents or by some individual hotels. The Kensington Palace Hotel have an excellent theatre weekend for £9 from Friday to Sunday (now also extended to 12 gns for a longer weekend) which covers room, full breakfast, two main meals, a reserved seat at any theatre you choose and a morning and afternoon sight-seeing drive with guide-lecturer through London. All-in prices are also quoted from any other centre in the UK to include 1st- or 2nd-class rail fares or air travel.

For further information: British Travel and Holidays Association, 64-65 St. James's Street, London, S.W.1; Trust Houses Ltd., 53 Short's Gardens, Drury Lane, London, W.C.2.

Above: The front of the White Hart Royal Hotel, a Trust House hotel in Moreton-in-Marsh

Above centre: The main street of Alresford, Hampshire

Above far left: The Royal Victoria, the Trust House hotel at St. Leonard's-on-Sea

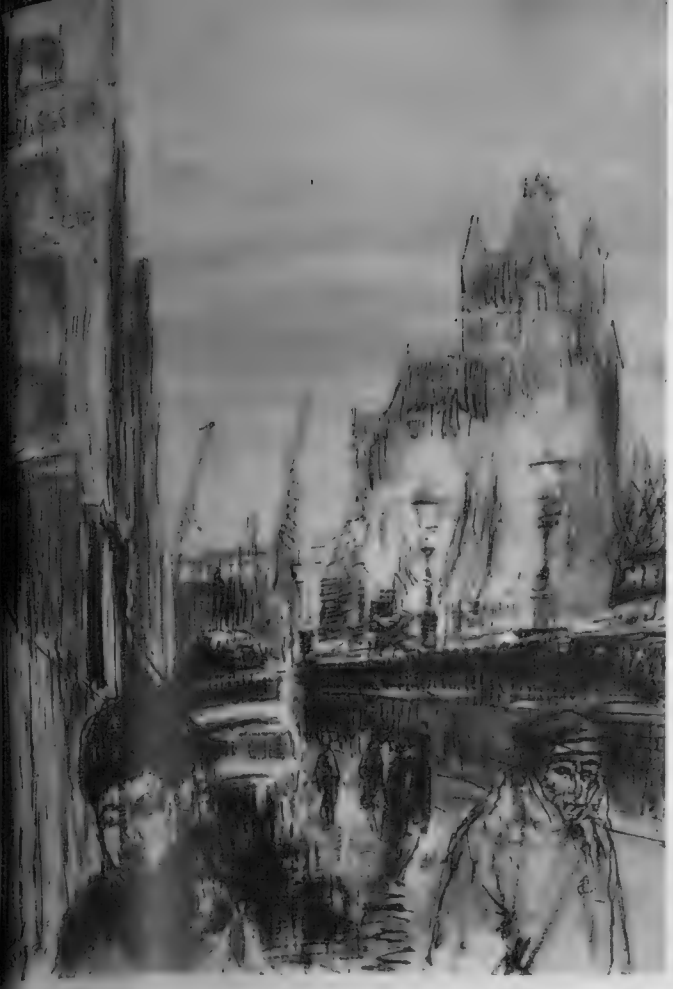
Left: The seafront in winter at Sidmouth in Devon

RECORDER OF LONDON

An exhibition of watercolours and drawings by Geoffrey Fletcher is due to open in London next week on November 12 at the Agnew Galleries, 3, Albermarle Street, and can be seen until November 30. Its start coincides with the publication of Mr Fletcher's new book *City Sights* (Hutchinson 25s). London is the theme of the exhibition and that "square mile of history," the City of London, is the subject of the book. Some of the drawings in it are in the show. Mr Fletcher is a unique recorder of London and he makes one look at its buildings and people in a new way. His deep affection for them is apparent in his drawings and writings. Dr Johnson said "the man who is tired of London is tired of life." Mr Fletcher will never grow weary.

Above: The imposing tower of St. Michael, Cornhill **Above left:** Lou's—a shop in Islington, another drawing by Geoffrey Fletcher

Above: An old shop Eastcheap. **Top:** Buil on Duck Island in the la the centre of St. James's P



Left: Tower Bridge, an illustration in *City Sights*. **Below:** The demolition of the Coal Exchange in the City of London

SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY

236 **The Saturday Book** edited by John Hadfield: Hutchinson. 35s, is another of these lush miscellanies of photographs, prints, coloured reproductions, verses, articles and travel pieces, handsomely bound in glowing yellow and boxed for presentation purposes. It would, indeed, make the perfect present, especially for those friends who, up till then, have had everything. It would be preferable that they had a well-developed sense of humour since such an item as *Drop Us A Postcard* by Peter Bull is not only funny in itself but has some broadly funny illustrations. The subjects are as various as New Wave jewellery, Mrs Bloomer and her pants or the man who invented Struwwelpeter; a wide choice with something for everybody except the very straight-laced.

Mrs Bunthorpe's Respects by Ursula Bloom: Hutchinson. 21s, purports to be a chronicle of cooks, particularly those who have from time to time been members of her household even in the most fleeting sense of helps. Miss Bloom examines many of the amusing aspects of these perennial problems as well as some of the more disastrous. She recalls the days when, as she puts it, only common people cooked and only the vulgar flicked a duster, but has plenty to say about today's obligers. A lively book which should be sympathetically received by the servantless.

Sun and Snow by Doreen Stanford: Longmans. 21s, is the story of an extraordinary odyssey in the life of a British girl travelling in Siberia before the Revolution. Miss Stanford was 20 when she joined her father, who was a mining engineer, and her mother in Siberia where they were living near a copper mine. It was 1916 and not an ideal time for travelling in Russia, but the author thinks to this day that the country has suffered much misrepresentation from fiction writers and the Siberia she shows is a country where close friendships and loyalty are—or were—very possible.

Return to Rainton by Mary Craddock: Hutchinson. 21s, is milder stuff; reminiscences of a little mining village in Durham about which she has written before. Her miner father again dominates the book with his sound advice to "Get yourself reckoned up, lass! Get yourself reckoned up!" and sets the tone for these thoughtful, kindly but realistic memoirs of life as she rediscovered it in the North after ten years' work as a teacher in South Africa.

Poe by William Bittner: Elek. 30s. This is a good, sound, factual biography of one of America's strangest and possibly most maligned authors, Edgar Allan Poe. Mr Bittner's purpose has been to sort out the facts, many of which seem to contradict each other, and the theories about his erratic career. Poe was only 40 when he died, and he had altered the face of fiction in his own country. This study sets him firmly in the place that should be his in literature.

V. by Thomas Pynchon: Jonathan Cape. 25s, is one of the oddest novels I have ever come across and I must say I found it baffling. Its American author takes the reader on a 60-year-long sweep through Alexandria, Paris, Malta, Florence, Africa and New York, at the end of which one is as puzzled as one is—partially—exhilarated.

Kissed the Girls and Made Them Cry by John Hale: Collins. 16s, is a first novel; realistic and acute without erring on the side of cynicism or, worse still, drabness. Mr Hale has written about a young man who is in the course of making a success of his life, and who revisits for one day the decaying seaside town of his childhood. In the brief span of that day his life is reviewed, and the conclusion reached, that this, from the reader's point of view, is a good man and not in the least a dull one. Quite a feat for any novelist to achieve, and a matter of congratulation in a beginner.

Puckoon by Spike Milligan: Blond. 18s, is said to have taken this dottiest of Goons ten years and 14 secretaries to write. It is set in the one-donkey Irish border town of Puckoon and The Milligan is its central figure. Fairly funny but not, frankly, up to the author's radio and stage standard.

'Stravaganza by Paul Smith: Heinemann. 18s, also deals with Ireland, this time an outpost of Bohemia on the Connemara coast, where characters (in the special sense of the word) abound and where a man can get into a complicated situation as easily as he can slake his thirst. Mr Paul Smith grew up in Dublin where he sometime attended school, we are told. Whatever his academic vagaries he can certainly write and the book is one of the liveliest on this week's list.

The Bodley Head Saki edited [illegible] W. Lambert: Bodley Head. 25s, is a selection of some of this inimitable writer's short stories and includes the whole of that near-perfect novel *The Unbearable Bassington*; a treasure of riches if ever I found one. In his long and admirable introduction Mr Lambert has written of Saki the man and Saki the writer, and of this novel that "at its best it reaches a level of tragi-comic intensity." He says, too, that Saki's real contribution to a solemn world was his dazzling mischief. "We can see now that a time when black humour is almost a commonplace, the direction of his fantasy." I recommend this volume to all who understand the art of humour.

Plexus by Henry Miller: Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 30s, is the second volume of Mr Miller's trilogy about his own life, *The Rosy Crucifixion*.

RULERS AND BUILDERS

The Kaiser by Virginia Cowles: Collins. 45s.
The Incredible Kaiser by Lawrence Wilson: Robert Hale. 21s.
Henry of Navarre by Hesketh Pearson: Heinemann. 25s.
The Ancient Engineers by L. Sprague de Camp: Souvenir Press. 35s.
The Master Builders by Robert Keith Middlemas: Hutchinson. 35s.
The World of Opera by Wallace Brockway and Herbert Weinstock: Methuen. 3 gns.
Spice of Life by Henry Longhurst: Cassell. 25s.

Kaiser William II was wont in his later days to call himself the most misused man on earth and, with a failing common to most of human kind, found it impossible to recognise in himself any aspect of the portrait the world had painted of him. The truth was, despite his cleverness and versatility, his charm and vivacity, William was a very ordinary and inadequate fellow hoping, as Sir Winston Churchill has said, to pass himself off as Frederick the Great. Without access to new materials two writers have addressed their minds to new biographies of this tragi-comic Emperor, and their views of his character differ remarkably little. Virginia Cowles shows that it was really William's position that encouraged his faults. In theory he was a constitutional monarch, but in practice he wielded almost absolute power, because the Reichstag seldom used even such authority as it possessed beyond an occasional five-yearly pruning of the military estimates. Mr Lawrence Wilson's biography lacks the lucidity of Miss Cowles's writing, but he shows a rather better knowledge of the background of the time. William's personal initiative only proved decisive, Mr Wilson says, in one particular sphere, the creation of a German battle-fleet, that product of the Emperor's love-hate for England. Both books bring out very strongly that the crowning fault of this unhappy man was his insistence on choosing advisers who possessed neither good sense nor good nature. For that Germany and the world paid very dearly.

A monarch of an earlier age and vastly different temperament, a hero who has been acclaimed down the centuries for his qualities of heart and mind, for his wise governance and for the brilliant advisers he gathered round him, was Henry of Navarre. Hesketh Pearson's new life of this man with an exalted idea of his great office is an attempt to portray the king's strength, his frailty, and his abounding humanity, to reveal the man and to cut away the legend that has for so long surrounded him. Of Henry's advisers Rosny and Sully stand out most prominently, and when Henry chose the former to disentangle the bewildering chaos of corruption and chicanery that had been created in previous reigns he did France a rare service. This is one of Mr Pearson's most perceptive biographies, and it has clearly been a labour of love springing from a life-long enthusiasm for the hero king who raised France from destitution to affluence, and indeed welded the feudal dukedoms into a single nation.

The pace of world engineering and construction has quickened exceedingly across the centuries. There have since fairly early times been men capable of an organised rational effort to use the material world around them, but once they were few and far between. In *The Ancient Engineers* L. Sprague de Camp surveys the engineering conquests of the Egyptians, the Mesopotamians, the Greeks and the Romans, how the Pharaohs erected their obelisks and pyramids, and how the Romans fashioned their baths, aqueducts, sewers and public buildings. He has many an interesting anecdote to tell, not least of the Assyrian King Sennacherib who put up no-parking signs in Nineveh. Sennacherib placed

Like its predecessor it is overwhelming in its effect, vital, often alarmingly candid and readable to a hypnotic degree. The book is now published here for the first time.

Joy in the Morning by Betty Smith: Heinemann. 21s, has all the warmth and human sympathy of this author's earlier novel *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*. It is a story about a girl of 18 who runs away to marry a young man working his way through law school in a Middle West university. They are both poor, and their poverty, as the author shows it, has nothing of glamour about it, but as she writes of these two loving and, in a way, very ordinary people, Miss Smith shows their reality to have something magic about it none the less. A warm-hearted book in which humour runs like a golden thread.

False Colours by Georgette Heyer: Bodley Head. 18s, is a novel about Regency days in a big country house, about a spirited girl, a delightfully feather-brained mother with two sons who, for all their twinnishness, have greatly contrasted characters. It has wit and the exquisite detail which one equally expects from this enchanting writer, and it is headed for the best-seller lists as surely as an arrow.

Mission of Fear by George Harmon Coxe: Hammond. 13s 6d, is this week's solitary thriller, an American one briskly told and with an ingenious twist or two to fox all but the most intent reader.

The Scent of Water by Elizabeth Goudge: Hodder and Stoughton. 18s, is one of those books in which an old and lovely house has the importance of a human character and, in a way, comes to dominate the story. Miss Goudge writes, predictably enough, with a warm sympathy about the people of her tale and brings a breath of romance to it. **Vernon Fane**

posts on the processional way inscribed "Royal Road: Let No Man Less Lessen It," and he decreed that any scoundrel who parked a chariot on this boulevard should be slain and have his body impaled on a stake. Robert Keith Middlemas's *The Master Builders* takes us to the other end of the construction scale, the modern era of wholesale construction, the building of the world's railways, harbours, canals, dams and roads achieved on many continents and in many climes between 1830 and 1930 by four notable contractors, Thomas Brassey, Sir John Aird, Lord Cowdray and Sir John Norton-Griffiths.

Wallace Brockway and Herbert Weinstock in *The World of Opera* trace the development of this rich art form, the fusing of music and the drama, from its early seventeenth-century origins in Florence through ages of bright flowering and periods of desiccation to its present position of high esteem. An important part of this massive, but digestible, work is devoted to the annals of performance.

Henry Longhurst's gifts as a raconteur are brought together in a happy collection of reminiscences and articles. *Spice of Life* is strictly non-golfing and is written with the wit and enthusiasm of a sportsman and a bon viveur.

Richard Edmonds

TWO HAPPY BIRTHDAYS

DAME SYBIL THORNDIKE and her husband Sir Lewis Casson celebrate their birthdays: she, her 81st; he, his 88th. The cake was cut and the toasts passed in a gay party on the stage of the King's Theatre in Southsea, Hampshire, where the veteran stars were appearing together in *Queen B.* After a week in Southsea the comedy by Judy Guthrie moved on to The New Theatre in Oxford.

Photographed by Tom Hustler

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY: **FRANCIS BENEDICT WILLMOTT**

Mr Willmott is Chairman and Managing Director of the Francis B. Willmott Group of Companies. The group's business is the manufacture of forgings, press tools, pressings and 'shrunk-on' ring gears. The shrunk-on hardened ring gear was one of Mr Willmott's most valuable contributions to the motor and allied industries in the early days of the company. It reduced the cost of providing the starter gearing on the periphery of flywheels. This was only one of many new ideas Mr Willmott introduced, a large proportion of which were American patents. Born in 1894, Francis Willmott was educated at Aston Commercial and Technical Schools and at Birmingham Technical School. He was a wage earner at the age of 12. Beginning in a cycle accessory firm, Mr Willmott's connection with industry in Birmingham was well established before the first world war. After demobilisation he joined a firm of roller-bearing manufacturers as a service inspector. It was when this job was ended that he formed his own engineering business. The Company has since developed to a position of prominence in the United Kingdom with many interests overseas. Mr Willmott's activities extend deep into public affairs; he is a member of the Council of the Federation of British Industries; the Institution of Production Engineers; of the Council and of the Export Committees of the Birmingham Chamber of Commerce; and he was a Parliamentary candidate in the 1959 General Election. Mr Willmott is well-known for his human approach to the running of a business. He is the author of several publications, notably *Philosophy of Production*, *The Human Touch in Industry* and *Export to Live*. His recreations include international affairs, writing and public speaking. Married, he lives with his family in St. Agnes Road, Moseley, Birmingham

LACK OF ENGINEERS

by The Sphere Industrial Correspondent

About a hundred years ago in Britain, whether or not the phrase "a technical revolution" had yet been coined, there was little doubt that the country was in the throes of one. And if you had asked any of the discerning people who realised this to whom the credit for putting Britain in the van of it should go, few of them would have been in any doubt: to the engineers. The golden age of individual British engineering still held sway: technique was edged forward with the visible exploits of great and eccentric men, following upon the Stephensons, the Brunels, Maudslay. Their professional institutions formed the platforms where new ideas were first put forward: remote in the universities, the sciences seemed still wreathed in theories, pale beside the colourful and triumphant empiricism of competent and rather arrogant men in stovepipe hats who all around the world were seizing engineering possibilities and making technical things happen.

Last month a report to the Minister for Science on the demand for and supply of qualified manpower commented that rather more scientists had graduated in the last few years than had previously been forecast; but that "The reverse is true of technologists.... The reduction in the estimated output of technologists is likely to be particularly marked in the case of mechanical engineers . . . the estimated number of students qualifying in mechanical engineering—in contrast to other major subjects of study—fell progressively over the period covered." The contrast with the middle of the last century could not be more marked. Today the scientist is the popular stereotype hero. The engineer—and it is even perhaps significant that this committee preferred the currently more prestigious term "technologist"—is nowhere in the running for public esteem. And one result of this is that there are likely to be fewer of them around at all in future.

Now before one discovers this as an alarming shortage—in the last few years diligent committees have "uncovered" too many "shortages" of trained people that were already in process of correcting themselves—it is worth considering whether the role engineers play today is as vital as it was then. In the generation of new technical possibilities, probably it isn't; these flow nowadays, we hope, from the many applied scientists involved at all kinds of levels in research, from the theoretical cross-linkages of technique that ought, at least, to be thrown up in back rooms and from computers. There were no industrial research laboratories at all in Britain a hundred years ago; one must assume that today we have taken at least some of the burden of innovation off engineering empiricism.

How far has the industrial scientist moved into the traditional sphere of the engineer in the rather more practical field of design? Much less than in the generation of new technical ideas. The extent to which scientists are in design depends upon the nature of the particular industrial technique involved. For example, advanced electronic equipment is perhaps unlikely to be designed without the scientists, chemists are certainly still the dominant specialists (in Europe, at least) right up to the production level in chemicals and oil, and metallurgists have a very practical role in the development of equipment that has to operate at very high temperatures. But there are still, equally, whole fields of industry in which the scientist's role is on tap as a consultant and adviser to the engineer who has to take the responsibility for design: civil engineering, much of machinery and heavy plant design, most of the design of vehicles and prime movers, electricity and much of gas supply. So looking at the engineer's job of applying new ideas into practical use, one could say that scientists have taken over some of the load (indeed, have grown up with this job in certain of the science-based and rapidly expanding industries); but only part.

In the practical arrangement of production, where the purely technical training of the engineer itself shades into management, the physical scientist as yet is hardly met at all. The mathematician from one side and the economist from the other may offer some alternative methods of deciding how best to arrange a process or contract, when they come together in the operational research team; but their work, even backed by the computer, is still mainly advisory.

In top management, where technical qualifications may not matter at all but a feel for technique and the habit of thinking quantitatively should, the scientist is perhaps nowadays gaining a little on the engineer: one's instinct is to feel there are not enough of either of them there.

The decline in popularity of engineering, both among the public and among intending students, is therefore in part probably due to some genuine shrinkage in the field of engineers' activities. Nevertheless, the Advisory Council on Scientific Manpower was recording demand as well as supply for trained people; and there seemed to it likely to be a severe future shortage of electrical engineers, and some shortage of mechanical (including aeronautical) engineers, on employers' forecasts of the trained manpower that they were likely to need.

Moreover, since qualified people are needed in general management as well as in purely technical fields, the lack of engineers could be understated. The need for better appreciation of technical factors in general industrial management is very great: and it may be that the best interpreter for the purpose is likely to be the engineer, rather than the scientist. His discipline, for many years, has been better attuned to commercial considerations as well as technical possibilities; moreover, he is less of a being apart than some scientists cannot avoid seeming to ordinary people like ourselves.

So there probably is a real need to "upgrade" the engineer in public esteem in Britain today—so that young aspirants yearn occasionally for the design shop as well as the laboratory bench. One might indeed question whether this decline in engineering prestige puts Britain at a disadvantage *vis-à-vis* the Continent: the immense importance attached to, for example, the title "*ingenieur des mines*" among France's elite of *polytechniciens*, and similar titles in Germany, might suggest that this lack of appreciation of the importance of the profession that made British industry great is a peculiarly national failing. But a recent OECD survey suggests that the failing is more universal nowadays: in foreign countries too, the trend in output of qualified engineers may also be downward.

Installing BICC Panalec road surface heating cables in a spiral section of a vehicle ramp at the new West London Air Terminal due to be opened by the Duke of Edinburgh this week. The ramps serve four floors

QUALITY AND QUANTITY

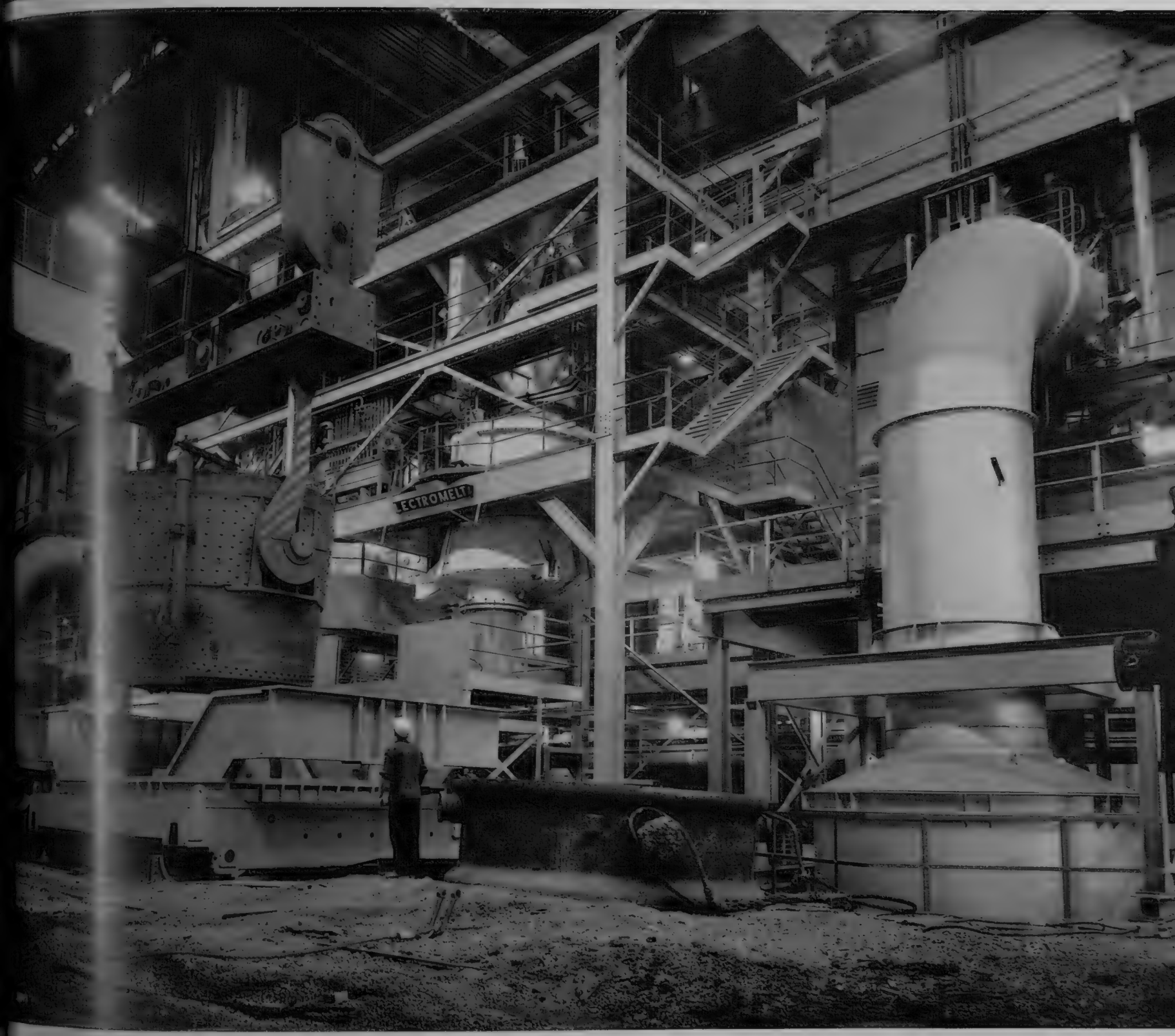
240 The Tinsley Park Steel Works opened recently near Sheffield by the Duke of Edinburgh represents the culmination of the trend towards large-scale production in both melting units and mills, yet it incorporates all the features essential to the maintenance of quality. For the Tinsley Park works are designed to produce special engineering steels in very large quantities—up to 385,000 tons of billets and 100,000 tons of bars each year. Costing £26 million to build, the plant is claimed by its owners, the English Steel Corporation, to be the most advanced in Europe.

Production is on a continuous-flow basis, with steel fed directly from electric-arc furnaces to rolling mills of far greater size than have been used before for alloy and special carbon steels. To deal with the massive through-put, extensive mechanisation has been adopted. Quality is achieved by the close control of metallurgical conditions possible in electric-arc furnaces, and by the novel DHH de-gassing plant. Because of the wide range of the steels produced at Tinsley Park, there is a major problem of co-ordination and communication—solved here by the employment of closed-circuit television, which enables the pace and nature of separate production lines to be controlled from a central point.

The modernity of the plant is reflected in the buildings; the Tinsley Park works have nothing of the grim, black, old-time steel works about them whatsoever.

Above: One of the first stages in the production of high-quality carbon and alloy steels at the new Tinsley Park Steel Works in Sheffield, is the charging of the electric-arc furnaces with scrap steel. Here, a charging basket is positioned over a furnace ready to unload.
Above right: Alloy steel is tapped from a 100-ton electric-arc furnace seen surrounded by cables at the rear
Right: One of the novel features of the plant is the control room of the DHH de-gassing unit. To remove the hydrogen content of the molten steel and other impurities, the steel is subjected to a vacuum treatment no less than three times

Left: Before the electric-arc furnace is tapped, a sample of alloy steel is drawn off. It is dispatched from the melting shop by a tube system to an adjacent laboratory, where a direct-reading spectrometer determines its chemical composition within two minutes

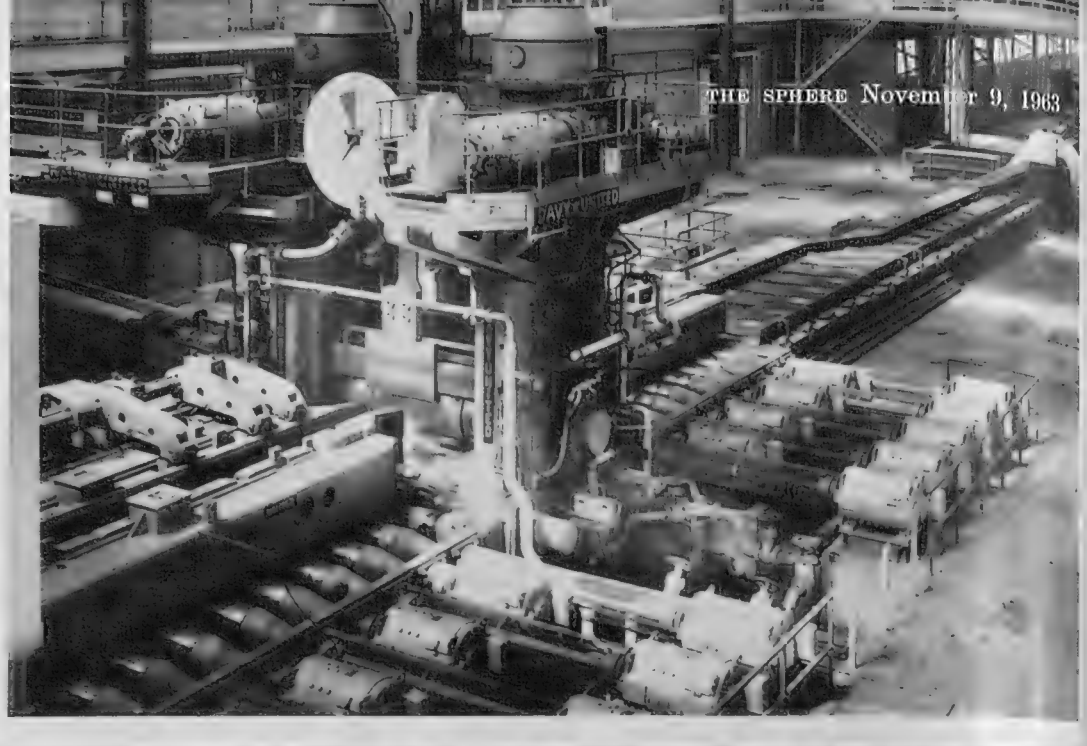


Above: A view of the DHH vacuum de-gassing plant. It is here that the high quality of the steel is obtained

Left: An aerial view of the Tinsley Park Steel Works extending over 200 acres, with another 300 for further developments. In the foreground is the Melting Shop, containing the plant illustrated on these pages. To the left is the Scrap Bay where much of the raw material arrives by rail. Beyond these buildings, in the left centre, are the Blooming and Billet Mills. Right centre are the Central Engineering Workshops and the reservoir; and upper right, the Bar Mill, housed in a white building one-fifth of a mile long

QUALITY AND QUANTITY

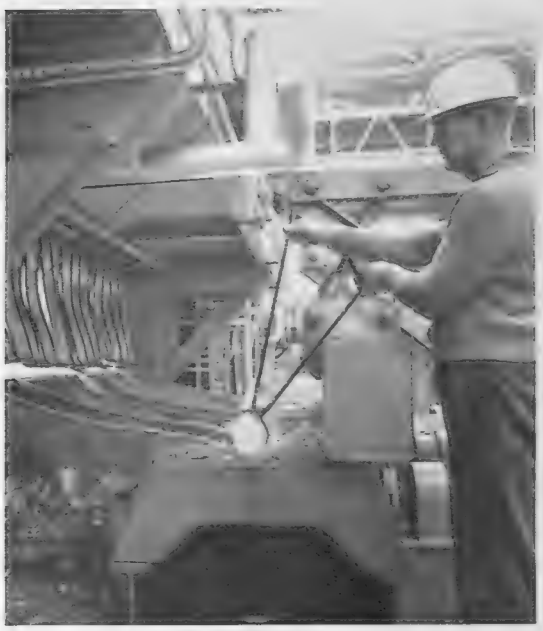
continued from page 241



242 **Right:** At the Tinsley Park works of the English Steel Corporation, a view of the 42 in. wide Blooming Mill. Blooming is the process of reducing an ingot or mass of metal to the form of a thick bar preparatory to further rolling

Below: A steel-helmeted workman handles a red hot steel billet that has been in the reheat furnace at the Bar Mill of the Works. The Bar Mills form a separate production unit in which billets are transformed into rounds, squares, flats in either coils or straights

Below right: Extensive use is made in all the mills of closed-circuit television for passing rolling and sawing instructions to operators like this one in control pulpits down the length of the mill trains



INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

LOWER LIQUIDITY RATIO

by The Sphere City Correspondent

Public awareness of the City centres largely (and understandably) on the stock market. But recently there have been two significant moves which bear on the City's prime function: banking. The clearing banks are being allowed to lend more freely, and local councils are going to have to alter their borrowing habits.

More immediate in its impact is the approval of the Bank of England—publicly announced by the Governor in his recent Mansion House speech—that the clearing banks should lower the proportion of their deposits which they keep in cash and their quickly realisable investments from the conventional 30 per cent. to 28 per cent. between now and next April. This will allow them to make advances of about £100 million in addition to the £4,000 million already out with customers. The purpose is to enable the banks to lend more during the heavy tax-paying season without restricting advances to normal customers and thus hampering economic expansion.

In fact the banking convention of 30 per cent. liquidity ratio had already been partly relaxed earlier this year, but it was noticeable that in his recent speech the Governor of the Bank of England said that the authorities would see no objection to a gradual move to a lower figure, implying that 28 per cent., and probably less, is to become the new convention. In this way the banks will be able to lend more liberally.

This move is significant for a number of reasons. The banks have only three broad ways in which they can raise funds to increase their advances to customers. They can sell gilt-edged securities on the stock market—and indeed it was partly sales by banks that depressed prices during late 1959 and 1960. But clearly heavy selling of gilts might conflict with Government management of medium and long-term interest rates, and so this method of cash-raising might be officially frowned upon.

Alternatively the banks can try to increase their deposits and thus obtain more cash to re-lend. But here we come to one of the most astonishing phenomena of British banking. The ' big five ' clearing banks operate a gentleman's agreement that they will none of them pay more than two points under bank rate for deposits. Almost every other financial institution (and especially the hire purchase companies and local authorities) is prepared to pay one point under bank rate or bank rate for deposits. As a result the clearing banks have lagged sadly behind in increasing their rate of deposit growth.

A year ago, the Governor of the Bank of England was trying to persuade the clearing banks to compete harder for deposits. But the argument is that such a process would be very costly; it would lead to higher overdraft charges and would disturb the harmony of the City. Instead, the clearing banks are adopting the third method open to them of increasing their advances and lowering the conventional liquidity ratio. All the other institutions in the City that thrive on the uncompetitive spirit of the clearing banks have heaved an almost audible sigh of relief.

More difficult to assess is the likely impact on the banking system of the Government's new regulations by which local councils are going to have to borrow longer-term funds to finance their projects. At present the more thrusting local councils, aware that it is much cheaper and easier to borrow short-term rather than long-term money have been raising a growing proportion of their funds from industrial companies, City and foreign institutions on periods of between seven days and one year's notice. Apart from the risk element in such an operation, there is clearly a danger of a sudden rush on the country's balance of payments when so much foreign money is held in Britain on short notice attracted by the high interest rates local councils are prepared to pay.

The Government aims over four years to make it easier for councils to borrow long-term funds from the Public Works Loan Board, but it will insist that the proportion borrowed short-term is reduced. The question the City is pondering is whether the net effect will be a slackening in the overall short-term needs—and interest rates—of local authorities. For at present the authorities pay among the best rates in the short-term money market and if their requirements were reduced, many institutions might find it harder to make a profit on their own short-term borrowing, since most of them re-lend a slice of their funds to the local authorities. For the moment, however, no change is likely and it could be that as some of the more thrusting local councils are forced to cut down their short-term lending to the prescribed ratio, many other more conservative ones will increase their borrowing now that a ratio has Government approval.

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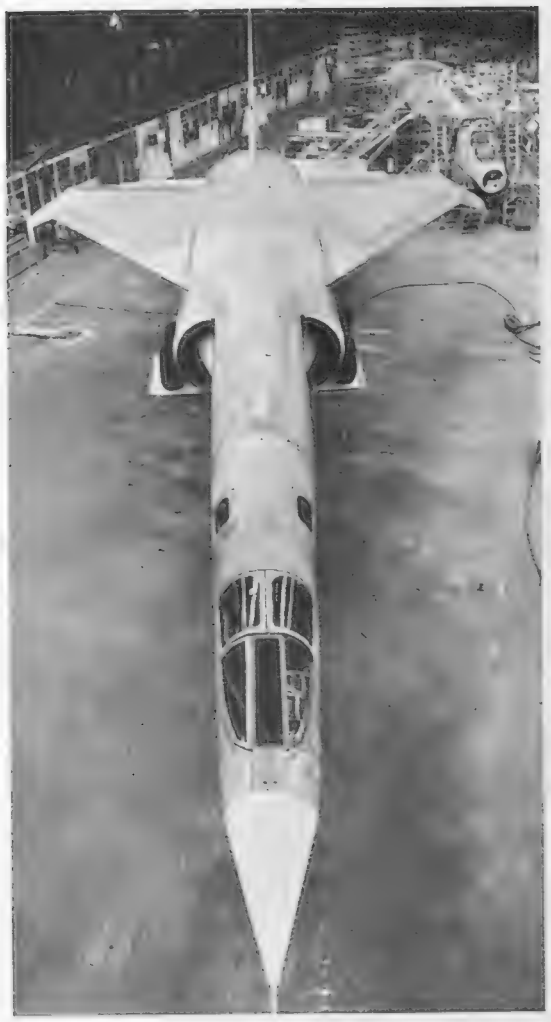

Top: The first TSR-2, the revolutionary bomber in production for the Royal Air Force, is seen in the process of its assembly at the British Aircraft Corporation's factory at Weybridge in Surrey. Versatility is a feature of the aircraft which can fly in all weathers at great heights or very low levels. Its power is provided by two Bristol Siddeley Olympus 22R turbojet engines

Top right: A wooden mock-up of the Concorde, the Anglo-French supersonic airliner, is on show at the BAC works at Filton in Bristol. The cockpit installations, cabin layouts, furnishing schemes and general arrangement of the interior were open to examination. The Concorde is being produced jointly by BAC and Sud Aviation

Above: In New York, three senior officials of the Boeing Company examine models of possible supersonic transport aircraft of the future

Right: The Hawker Siddeley Trident, which had just arrived back from a proving and sales demonstration tour to the Far East, is surrounded by spectators at Hatfield airfield. The airliner had shown its capabilities in Tokyo, Hong Kong, Singapore, Karachi and Damascus. Surrounding it are five other Tridents now flying

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MIDLANDS MATTERS

by The Sphere Midlands Correspondent

246 Mr Edward Turner, president of the British Cycle and Motor Cycle Industries Association, and managing director of BSA's motor cycle division, looked pleased on his return from leading a strong delegation from the industry to see the new Economic Secretary to the Treasury, Mr Maurice Macmillan. More pleased than when he last saw one of Her Majesty's Ministers about the same subject—reducing purchase tax. The motor cycle industry in particular has been going through some hard times and has had to face the powerful Honda and Suzuki concerns in the scooter and lightweight field not only abroad but also in the home market.

It had hoped, vainly as it turned out, that when the tax on cars was reduced to 25 per cent. last November, that on motor cycles would also be cut to maintain the differential. Tax on cycles is 10 per cent., but is relatively of less importance, since it is said with a good deal of truth that no one over the age of 24 buys a bike in this country. Recently both sections of the industry have been fighting back hard abroad. The motorised one has raised a 1962 export figure of 32 per cent. to 45 per cent., and the pedal section one of 67 per cent. to 72 per cent. The delegation drew a close parallel with the car industry—now booming in what is usually a lean period—in talking of what could happen. It may not get the abolition it asked for on motor cycles, but a reduction to 10 per cent. now looks more assured.

Raw material: air

One of the specialised smaller growth industries is that supplying industrial gases—oxygen, nitrogen, argon and hydrogen among them—made from a free and inexhaustible raw material, air. The market is dominated by British Oxygen, but a rapidly growing and comparative newcomer is Air Products, Ltd., an American-based company. In the six years it has been in this country it has established a plant fabrication works at Wrexham, set up five major production units, and exported to Italy (where there are six plants), South Africa, Switzerland and Yugoslavia.

It is part-way through a £5 million development programme begun last year, and it was to see the fifth, and latest, plant that representatives from an impressively wide range of industry, from instruments and steel-making to engineering and chemicals, gathered at Stoke-on-Trent recently. Like others, this plant is linked directly to steel-making, in which oxygen is being used in tonnage quantities and on a growing scale to burn out impurities more quickly and efficiently. A pipeline connects John Summers' Shelton Iron and Steel Works—which will be the first in Europe wholly to employ the continuous casting process—to the £1,250,000 Air Products facility. This has a daily capacity of 200 tons of product, and though the steelworks will take the bulk of it, Stoke will also act as a distribution centre for other parts of the industrial Midlands and north.

It is destined, indeed, to become one of the focal points of the group's activities, and Mr Dexter F. Baker, the 36-year-old managing director, announced a 50 per cent. expansion, costing about £500,000. Interestingly, he commented that Stoke's central position, combined with the growing network of motorways, recent technical breakthroughs in plant design and low temperature road transport equipment, enabled them to do at Stoke what otherwise would have taken ten scattered, smaller and less economic, plants. Mr Baker said that this year Air Products would supply nearly £4 million worth of industrial gas products and related equipment to some 4,000 UK customers. About half these total sales represented applications that did not exist at customers' works three years ago.

New work for Mr Dick

Characteristically, Mr Alick Dick sought one of the newer fields of endeavour in which to resume his career. His appointment as managing director of Royston Industries, Ltd., a group concerned with electronics and special purpose engineering, was no surprise to those who know him well. He takes up his duties on December 1, some two years after resigning the chairmanship of Standard-Triumph International. It was a wrench for him to turn aside from the motor industry, in which he started as an 8s 6d a week apprentice and rose in 20 years to be managing director, but increasingly he is thinking about a new career centred round the younger growth industries with export potential.

His first appointment was with J. and S. Engineers, one of the 'back-room' firms during the war and since associated with the computer and wider electronics field for which they have made their own highly ingenious tools. Mr Dick is also concerned in the specialised machine tool field through Nickols Automatics. Now with Royston Industries he will be responsible for five plants at Byfleet, Erith, Sevenoaks, South Shields and Dundee.

GOOD LIVING

by Ganymede

I have recently spent some time in one of the outstanding gastronomic regions of France, which has the added advantage for us that it is the nearest and most accessible from these shores, although this fact is not always realised. I am talking of Normandy. The first glance at the country from the air or from the roadside explains why it is so rich in the treasures of the table. It has a long, in many places rugged, in others gentle, coastline with small and large ports from which come every kind of sea food: delicious soles (equivalent to our Dover soles), lobsters, oysters, prawns, shrimps, and every other variety of fish and shellfish reach the kitchens in such a fresh condition as would only be found seldom in England.

The country is green and lush everywhere, the pasture is rich and cream, butter and cheese are not only of the best quality, but the first two are used lavishly in the local cooking. Such a prosperous agriculture means first class meat: beef, veal, pork and lamb of the pré-salé variety, birds reared in natural conditions, and plenty of game as well. Only one thing is missing to make the picture complete, there is no wine made locally with which to wash down the delicious food. This means that the average wine list in even modest places is more comprehensive and representative of all regions. Instead of the 'vin du pays' there is cider everywhere, for the whole region is full of apple orchards. The cider is available in various forms, bottled with wired corks ('Bouché'), sparkling, when it has been bottled before the fermentation in wood was complete. I prefer the still variety, and there is a very slightly fizzy kind called 'Cidre du Fermier' which I recommend apart from the draft kind offered in many places. Norman cider is not highly alcoholic, the minimum legal requirement is only three per cent. by volume, but this is very much a minimum only. Good cider is most drinkable, goes extremely well with Norman dishes, and is extremely cheap. The spirit distilled from cider, Calvados, is good when it is old enough, but perhaps this is an acquired taste.

I said at the outset that this gastronomic paradise is very easily accessible. I approached it from Hurn Airport, near Bournemouth. From here British United Air Ferries run a frequent service all the year round to Cherbourg. The flight, on which passengers are carried with or without their cars only takes 30 minutes and, apart from Cherbourg itself, which is full of interest and has many good restaurants, there are many places within easy reach where one can stay in comfort and enjoy the cuisine. This is the Cotentin peninsula, a microcosm in itself of scenic beauty, historic interest—ancient (Bayeux) and modern (the landing beaches, best seen at Arromanches)—and regional gastronomy.

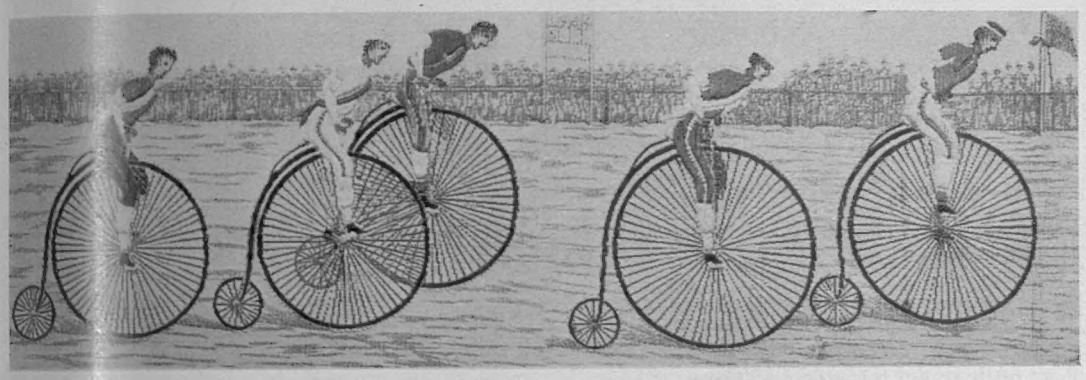
Less than 50 miles from Cherbourg and only about five from Bayeux is the Hostellerie du Bosq, which is described as a 'Gentilhommerie Renaissance,' in the perfect peace of fields and farms, yet only a longish stone's-throw from the sea. An impressive, moated manor house, which has been turned into a hotel-restaurant by the patron of one of the best restaurants in Bayeux. The Gastronomic Menu at 13 francs includes such specialities as Moules à la Crème, Filet de Turbot façon de Bosq, and Escalope de Veau Vallée d'Auge.

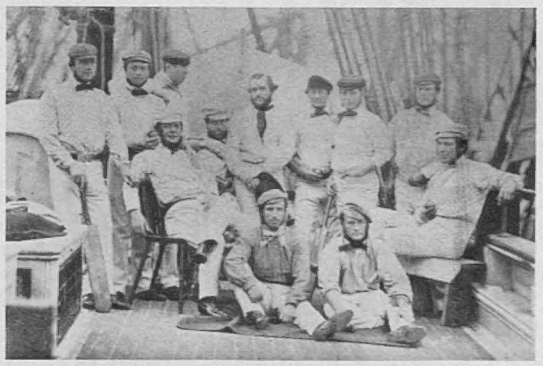
Nearer Cherbourg, only about 16 miles, at Barfleur, the fishing port well known to British yachtsmen for its powerful lighthouse, is the delightful inn, Hotel du Phare, where the young patron M Houyvet himself does the exquisite cooking. Here you can eat to your heart's content, and be satisfied both as regards quality and quantity. The prices of the menus range from 10 francs to 25 francs, but even the cheapest menu is more than adequate for the average British appetite and contains many specialities, including M Houyvet's very own Moules Farcies, which have to be tried to be believed. The rooms are very charming and comfortable here too, and an agency runs inclusive weekends and holidays in conjunction with the BUAF service from Hurn to Cherbourg.

'THE SPHERE' CHRISTMAS NUMBER

The Christmas Number is now on sale, price 5s. The illustrations reproduced here are only four of the many to be found in full colour or black and white. The cover shows a medieval Nativity. 'The Doll's Doctor' and 'The Last Lap' are facets of Victorian art and the Wisden photograph is an historic occasion in cricket history. Pauline Baynes, Geoffrey S. Fletcher and Montague Dawson are among other contributors. Edward Ardizzone has illustrated the short story.

As well as ordering for your friends at home, there is still time to order for your friends overseas to make sure that they get their copy in time for Christmas. An attractive greetings card is included with every Christmas Number dispatched on your behalf. Order now from your usual newsagent or direct from The Publisher, The Sphere, 13-15, *John Adam Street, London, W.C.*2. *The price of* The Sphere *Christmas Number, including postage, is* 5*s* 10*d*.





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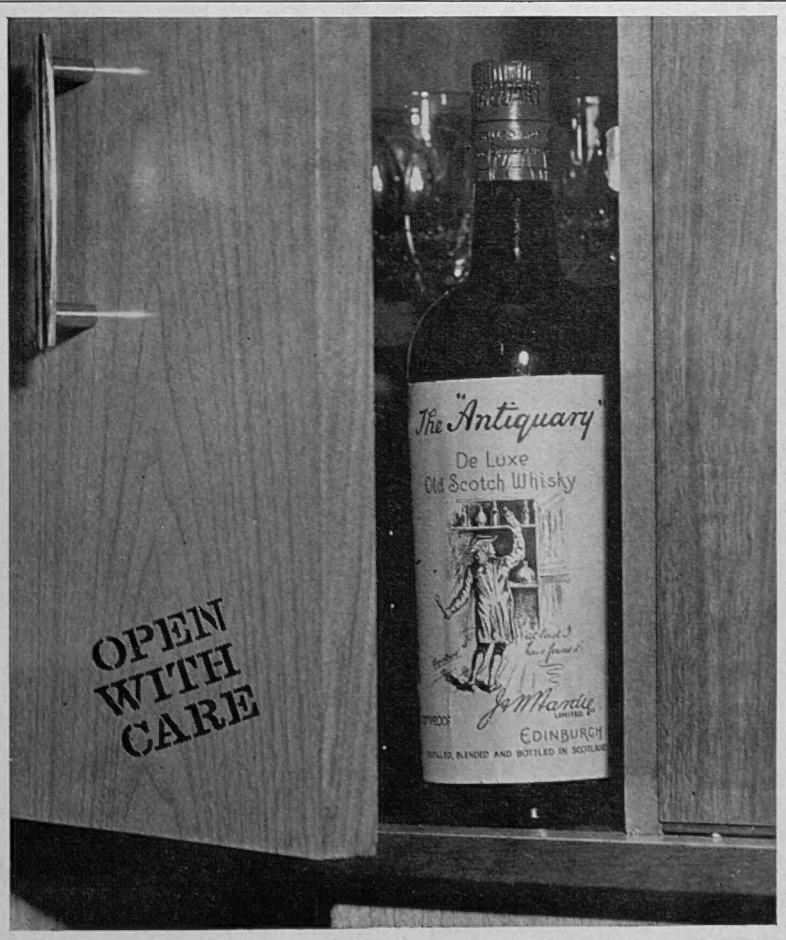

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TURBOCAR DRIVING

248 After driving the Ghia-bodied Chrysler turbocar in Surrey, I still think turbine-engined cars are a long way off as far as the ordinary motorist is concerned. I am not denying that this experimental American car is a splendid piece of engineering, but I doubt whether the advantages this form of rotary engine confers in comparison with the very flexible piston engine will compensate for the relatively high prices of turbocars built in small numbers.

But let me tell you what it is like to drive a turbocar. Actually, it is very similar to handling an ordinary one. It was a left-hand-drive model I tried out: the first of the 50 which are being built by Chrysler to lend free of charge to 200 selected motorists in the US during the next 12 months to test public reaction to this Jet Age motoring.

It was also the car which is being sent round the world by Chrysler in an imaginative demonstration of the virtues of this form of automobile. It will have been sent to 23 cities in 20 countries by the time the trial ends next January. You start the car in the ordinary way with an orthodox ignition key. The turbine gets going immediately and with a high-pitched whine soon builds up to about 20,000 r.p.m. This is its "idling" speed. It spins at 30,000 r.p.m. at 60 m.p.h. and can be taken to 45,000 r.p.m. without danger.

The front-mounted turbine drives the rear wheels through a three-speed automatic gearbox. To get going you simply move the control lever from "Idle" to "Drive," release the handbrake and press the accelerator pedal. You would be struck by a slight lag in initial acceleration compared with a normal car of similar power, but once the car has got going it quickly builds up speed and gives an impressive sense of power at speeds over 40 m.p.h.

The faster you go the quieter the car seems —I suppose one leaves the turbine whine behind—and the freedom from vibration is remarkable. If the turbine fails to give the required rate of acceleration in the middle speed range you can kick down on the accelerator pedal to bring in middle gear. Top speed of the Chrysler turbocar—a two-door four-seater—is 115 m.p.h. although I was content with a modest 90 along Mickleham Vale between Leatherhead and Dorking.

Courtenay Edwards (right) discusses the turbocar with Mr Willard, of Chrysler Motors Ltd. of Great Britain

Stamp trading concerns

The Motor Agents' Association, which has 20,000 members, is getting very worried about the stamp trading indulged in by an increasing number of petrol filling stations. I can well understand this because it obviously undermines the case they are trying to make out for a bigger profit margin from the oil companies. When garage men offer a discount in the form of stamps it seems to contradict the MAA's official plea that there is little or no profit in petrol on the present discount.

I deeply sympathise with the Association on this point and I personally am against stamp trading, but I think Mr F. W. Webster, President of the Association would have done his case more good at the recent annual dinner if his language had been more restrained. Talk of financial disaster and Carey Street did not go well with the spectacle of lots of prosperous-looking MAA members sipping brandy and puffing cigars.

Motor car mackintosh

I hear a lot of criticism from car-proud, garage-less motorists who buy covers for their cars. The chief complaints concern the rubbing of paint-work and the effects of condensation through bad ventilation. Another weakness is the problem of stowing a wet car cover after a rainy night. Similarly, it is not much fun replacing the cover at night, in the wet, possibly after a dance or theatre visit when the motorist is wearing evening clothes. I was interested therefore to learn from the Parr Equipment Co. that they have devised a new type of "car port" which they call the Awnack. It is a rectangle of woven fabric incorporating Terylene which stretches tightly over the roof of the car from back to front without, however, touching the roof except where it is supported by three Nylon cross-members.

This flexible "roof" is attached to four sockets bolted onto the ordinary bumper brackets back and front. Mr D. A. Fowler, sales manager of Parr Equipment, tells me the Awnack has a useful protective overhang and that because it is designed to stretch tautly over the car it does not flap. He claims, too, that it is very easy to dismantle and stow away in the boot. "One can be taken off, popped into the boot and put back again in around four minutes," he told me. The Awnack is offered in three sizes ranging from 15 gns for Minis to 19 gns for Jaguars.

Engine aids

It would be impossible to assess the effectiveness of the new Redex Lubrocharger—which I have been testing—without taking my engine apart and examining it for wear, but it is comforting to know that a trickle of upper cylinder lubricant—the amount of which I can vary at will—is being fed gently into the induction system all the time the engine is running and that you can introduce an extra shot whenever you want to merely by pressing a button on the neat Lubrocharger control on the dashboard.

The ability to do this is particularly useful when you switch off the engine last thing at night in cold weather, for it means that there is a special dose of upper-cylinder lubricant waiting in the carburetter next morning for use when the engine is started from cold. It is a good idea, too, to press the button occasionally when driving fast on a motorway or when slogging up steep hills. The new Lubrocharger costs £3 9s and the fitting charge is usually about £1. The Lubrocharger, by the way, is suppled from a quart reservoir fitted under the bonnet.

In the accessory component galleries at the Motor Show, I talked to Oldham experts about their new Red Top battery. It is of novel design for it dispenses with the external links between the cells which are a feature of most car batteries.

This has been made possible by the use of new materials including epoxy resins. The consequent elimination of five terminal points and ten cell connectors must obviously reduce resistance and cut voltage loss.

"The main benefit of this to the motorist," Mr John Oldham told me, "is that it gives an increase of up to 15 per cent. in starting power—and that is very useful on a bitterly cold morning." The new Red Top batteries cost no more than the old-fashioned ones they replace.

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 13-15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.*

IZAAK WALTON wrote "and for winter fly fishing is as useful as an almanac out of date." November, then, may seem an inappropriate month to write about where to fish and where to stay. Yet we think otherwise, for while some keen fishermen may be reminiscing by the fireside, others are already casting around for fresh waters to conquer, be it by sea, river, loch, lough or lake.

From our observation, the keen fisherman apart from evidence that the fishing is good, subject to the normal risk of weather and water conditions, does not ask for much of an hotel other than a comfortable bed, warmth, an intelligent understanding in cooking and cellar, a good drying room, a cosy bar, perhaps, and a landlord who will interest himself in his fishing guests to the extent of providing for elasticity in meal times.

In the course of our angling for good hotels, large and small, we have visited and stayed at many where fishing is the main topic of conversation.

Writing in front of our own fireside, our first thoughts turn to a discovery we made in 1962 on the south side of Loch Tay, *Ardeonaig Hotel* (pronounced Ard-John-Ig). This is a small, homely hotel on the shores of the Loch. There is no h. and c., only five bedrooms but two modern bathrooms, lashings of hot water, farm and Loch produce, licensed (no bar) and the best of country fare cooking. The day we visited *Ardeonaig* a shooting party, doubling up in some cases, was occupying all the rooms. The small dining room had been laid out for the party, Mr and Mrs Ballantine had brought out their silver candlesticks and their best glass. A good little homely spot. For salmon fishing information write Mr Ballantine who is as keen as his guests to provide good sport.

Our thoughts, like the elusive trout, dart hither and thither and for no apparent reason we find ourselves on Exmoor, a happy reserve for sportsmen be it hunting, fishing or shooting. Here, our thoughts halt awhile at the unofficial centrepiece of Exmoor, the village of Exford. Earlier in this column we emphasised the aid of an understanding landlord and his wife and how well that applies in the case of the *Crown Hotel*, for Major L. F. H. Kershaw had a trout rod put in his hand as soon as he could hold it, while Mrs Kershaw, in charge of the kitchens, sees to it that one gets the best of local country fare. The reserved waters (salmon and trout) include beats on the Barle, Exe and Bridgewater and lake fishing is also available.

We cannot pass on in our thoughts without mentioning Dulverton, a small Swiss-like township at the foot of Exmoor. *The Carnarvon Arms*, built in 1873, is one of the best known fishing hotels hereabouts and since those intelligent and enthusiastic hoteliers, Mr and Mrs Owen Howells, acquired it, a fishing holiday here has doubled in enticement, for not only have they 5½ miles of trout and salmon fishing on the Barle and Exe, but they have done a terrific account in upgrading the food and accommodation standards of the hotel. Incidentally, their packed lunch menus are a classic in individual choice.

It is time you had a map in front of you, for our thoughts are still wandering. Look up Eggesford situated in the heart of Devon midway between Barnstaple and Exeter in the beautiful Taw Valley. Here stands one of the best sporting hotels in Devon, the *Fox and Hounds*. Mr Kenneth Sharrock, resident proprietor, is always happy to welcome kindred souls (no pun intended). He can offer in season seven miles of reserved trout and salmon fishing on the Taw and when the fish do not bite there is plenty of consolation in Mine Host's well-stocked cellar open all the year round. Mr Sharrock delights in welcoming the out-of-door sportsman to his very hospitable house.

Our thoughts here transported us to the Wye and Usk valleys where we must cast our line warily lest a Wye or Usk salmon takes offence at fishing in rival waters and so arranges to cut our line.

At Crickhowell in Brecon one is firmly on Usk territory and we are told by those in the know that *Gliffaes Country House Hotel* has the best stretch of water. At any rate, their fishing register supplies the evidence, so write to Sam Brabner who also can offer big trout fishing in the Talybont Reservoir seven miles away. On no account should Lake Vyrnwy Hotel, 34 miles west of Shrewsbury be overlooked in planning a fishing holiday, for this hotel is a sportsman's paradise with fishing on the lake being the major attraction.

From Wales via Fishguard, Holyhead, or our nearest airport, we make for Ireland which seems to us a paradise for fishing lovers.

We have yet to find a polluted water, the complete amateur can learn his or her salmon fishing at the *Southern Lake Hotel*, Waterville, Co. Cork. The "big game" fisherman can enjoy the greatest thrill of his life while staying at *Acton's Hotel*, Kinsale, Co. Cork—in fact, there is hardly a country hotel in Ireland which does not offer good fishing holidays in one form or another.

Each year (for we visit Ireland annually) we make some new discovery and this year it was the *Glencar Hotel*, Glencar, Co. Kerry. Mr and Mrs Daly are the owners of this surprisingly well-equipped hotel which is ten miles off the Ring o'Kerry road. It has been in the Daly family for some 200 years, and each generation has made its contribution towards the betterment of the fishing. We were travelling with some Canadian friends from Parknasilla through the majestic and awesome Ballaghbeama Pass and we all agreed that there were no words to describe the beauty and restfulness of this, the heart of the Kerry Highlands. The Dalys will supply, on application, their folder describing the seven miles of keepered water on the Upper Caragh River and several other rivers and lakes.

Here we must add our end product—we, ourselves, have never caught a fish in our lives, but how we admire the patience, excitement, achievement and resigned disappointments of our fishing friends. "Good Hook" is our wish to you for 1964.

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